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National Anti-Slavery Standard

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LETTERS should be addressed to OLIVER JOHNSON, *Editor of The Anti-Slavery Standard*, 48 Beekman-st., New York.

ADVERTISEMENTS, 10 cents per line each insertion.

Pro-Slavery.

In this Department we give place to such extracts from the Pro-Slavery Press, North and South, as serve best to illustrate the character of Slavery and the spirit of its champions and apologists.

THE NEW RADICAL DOCTRINE OF MISCEGENATION.

From The Rochester Daily Advertiser.

MISCEGENATION.

BEAUTIFUL word, and more beautiful thought!
None but the wise have its origin sought;
Webster I hunted all over in vain—
Over and over I searched it again.
Looked in the books and the classics explored;
Sought where the learning of ages was stored;
Fumbled old volumes, but found it not there,
Thought I should have to give up in despair;
Talked with the Parson, but nothing knew he,
Couldn't find out what the meaning should be;
Out of my wits, with all patience expended,
Thus, for a season, my labor was ended.
Beautiful word, so sublime and so pretty—
Charming it was for a nice little ditty;
Harmony flowing in every letter,
No other word could for rhyming be better;
Sounding like music's voluptuous strain,
Thrilling my bosom and haunting my brain;
Sweeter than song, so I could not refrain
Searching to find out its meaning again.
Lexicons ancient I then did explore,
Toiling through roots that I never before
Thought to examine, but nothing could find,
Giving a meaning that suited my mind.
Asked a Professor, and he didn't know;
Satisfied learning was nothing but show;
Went to the office, about to despair,
Found an old "Copperhead" waiting me there,
Put him the question but naught he replied,
Solemn and thoughtful he sat there and sighed;
Soon he looked up toward the beautiful skies,
Tears of deep anguish were filling his eyes;
"God of my fathers!" he mournfully said,
"Whither, oh! where has sweet Liberty fled?
Death to our freedom, and death to the nation,
This is the meaning of miscegenation!"
Did not believe, and went on my way,
Thinking what Greeley's wise pupil would say;
Called at his office there in the Arcade,
Found him in purple and linen arrayed:
Flippant and witty, he talked with a grace,
Crimsoning over my innocent face;
Spoke of his own intellectual vigor,
Than the old "Copperhead" feeling much bigger,
Mentioned the word with presumption and rigor,
Said it meant blending the white man and nigger;
Making a race far more lovely and fair,
Darker a little than white people are:
Stronger, and nobler, and better in form,
Hearts more voluptuous, kinder and warm;
Bosoms of beauty, that heave with a pride
Nature had ever to white folks denied.
Holmes or wise Greeley had coined the new word,
Sending forth joy where its accents were heard;
Blessing the world with a new revelation,
Teaching the people of this wicked nation—
All the benighted of earth and creation—
Through the divine work of miscegenation,
Truths more sublime than the Gospel reveals,
Grander than nature from mortals conceals,
Man was first made a mulatto or black,
Hence to first principles we must come back;
White folks are not in the line of progression,
Therefore the present is sheer retrogression.
Look at the happy original pair,
God made them darker than white people are;
Yet they were clothed with perfection and grace,
Model divine of the whole human race.
Then, in accordance with Heaven's wise plan,
Blot out forever the race of white man;
Duty to God and to civilization,
Calls for a social reorganization.
Give us a race with a little more vigor,
Give us a race with a little more nigger,
Dark in complexion, like Adam and Eve,
Impress of Heaven that all should receive.
This will refine and enlighten the nation—
This is the meaning of miscegenation.
Then in sweet union the races should mingle,
And no more fond maidens will need to live single;
Each has a nice shining darkey to share,
Sweet as the morning, with fine woolly hair;
Thought most delicious to lady refined,
Negro for husband to wake up and find!
Mothers, fond mothers, you know 'tis your duty!
Give up your darling to some negro beauty;
Give your fair daughters like angels that are
Beautiful, lovely, for black men to share;
Give up the maiden so blooming and sweet,
Reared with precision and nurtured complete,
To a coarse darkey devoid of all grace,
This will produce a superior race!
Listen to reason, the Higher Law plan,
Mingle with negroes, deluded white man;
Take to thy home the dear ebony nigger,
Take to thy bosom the sweet-scented nigger;
Cherish and honor the beautiful wench,
Marry and love her, regardless of stench;
Fill with mulattoes and mongrels the nation,
THIS IS THE MEANING OF MISCEGENATION.

REBEL COMPLIMENTS.

From The Richmond Dispatch.

FOR our own part we are glad to hear that Lincoln has received the nomination. When some enterprising partisan officer of the Revolution proposed to carry off Sir William Howe from the midst of his army, Washington put his veto on it at once. He had no doubt that it was feasible, but Howe had conducted the war as stupidly as it was possible for any man to conduct it, and any change whatever could be but for the British interest. Let him stay, for fear of a successor who might not be quite such an imbecile. So we say of Old Abe. It would be impossible to find another such ass in the United States; and therefore, we say, let him stay. We, at least, of the confederacy, ought to be satisfied with him, for he has conducted the war exactly as we ought to wish it to be conducted. He has confirmed those that were wavering, heated red-hot those who were luke-warm, made those zealous who were careless, converted cold indifference into furious passion, and calculating neutrality into burning patriotism. As for the military operations conceived and executed under his auspices, surely we have no right to complain. No service ever had so many blundering officers, and no campaigns were ever conceived with greater stupidity. For these reasons we are decidedly in favor of Old Abe, and if we could command a million of votes in Yankeedom, he should have them all. He has made the South the most united people that ever went forth to battle with an invader; and for that he deserves the lively gratitude of every Southern man. If anything could add to the obligations under which we lie to the Baltimore Convention, it would be found in the nomination of Andrew Johnson—the man of all others most detested in the South, and the most likely to keep together the parties already united in one solid mass for the prosecution of the war. Convinced, as we are, that nobody in favor of closing the war could be elected, and that no other would conduct it so foolishly, we go for this ticket.

FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND MORE.

From The New York Daily News.

WE publish to-day the President's proclamation, calling for five hundred thousand more men to wage the Abolition war. No one will be startled. The people have been driven to that condition of recklessness that ignores all emotion. We are all automatons, without volition, without self-agency, without apparent consciousness of present misfortune or threatened danger. But one man at Washington touches the springs, and the automatons perform. They follow the fife and drum; they march to the battle-field; they are swept down by shot and shell; they are tumbled into graves or crowded into hospitals, and then five hundred thousand more puppets are brought upon the scene, and the tragedy goes on.

Mr. Lincoln's craving increases with gorging. The herd of bullocks bargained for in the present call exceeds in number all those heretofore marked for the shambles. Five hundred thousand additional victims of fanaticism, in the fourth year of the war, and with our valleys already studded with graves, our hospitals filled with invalids, and our streets with limbless men—the thought demands that we should be hardened to calamity, or human nature would revolt. Five hundred thousand more workingmen to be taken from the loom, the anvil, the plow, the various implements that create a nation's strength! Five hundred thousand more to be drained from the channels of industry, where their presence is essential to supply the absolute wants of trade, and to give food to the millions. Five hundred thousand more, to be torn from their peaceable homes, from the arms of their wives and children, who will be left without protectors to beg, or starve, or search for daily bread in the abodes of vice. Five hundred thousand more, whose immolation will swell the list of orphans and widows, whose lamentations already appeal to Heaven and assail the earth with the voices of woe. Many a heart will shrink with foreboding this morning as the eye glances over the cold and pitiless language of that proclamation. Many a father and husband will look anxiously around at the inquiring faces of his loved ones clustering around the frugal board. How long will he be permitted to commune with them in the brief hours of respite from his daily toil? For the Summer, the delights of home, for the Autumn the terrors of battle, for the Winter, perhaps, the unmarked grave. Meanwhile the sound of revelry at Washington mingles with the roar of cannon, the shrieks of the dying and the sobs of the bereaved. Why should the jester mourn with the afflicted, when his parasites are laughing at his ribald jokes? Weep on, mothers and wives and daughters of our land; march on and perish, fathers and brothers and sons; count your hoards, you traffickers in blood; weave at the looms of your ambition, you aspiring demagogues, the balance of justice is in the hands of God and at last will find its level.

[Notwithstanding the Northern presses in sympathy with the rebellion are not molested for uttering such treason as that embodied in the above article, the cry is continually kept up by demagogues of every grade, that the Administration is despotic, that there is no freedom of speech or of the press in the Northern States! Even John C. Fremont has the brazen effrontery, in his letter accepting the nomination of the Cleveland Convention, to declare, that "*While we are saturating Southern soil with the best blood of the country, in the name of Liberty*, WE HAVE REALLY PARTED WITH IT AT HOME."]

Selections.

PEACE NEGOTIATIONS AT NIAGARA FALLS.

NO PEACE WITHOUT AN ABANDONMENT OF SLAVERY.

MR. SANDERS TO MR. GREELEY.

(Copy.)—Private and confidential.

CLIFTON HOUSE, NIAGARA FALLS, CANADA WEST, July 12, 1864.

Dear Sir: I am authorized to say that Hon. Clement C. Clay, of Alabama, Prof. James P. Holcombe, of Virginia, and George N. Sanders, of Dixie, are ready and willing to go at once to Washington, upon complete and unqualified protection being given, either by the President or Secretary of War. Let the permission include the three names and one other. Very respectfully, GEORGE N. SANDERS.

To Hon. Horace Greeley.

MR. GREELEY TO THE COMMISSIONERS.

(Copy.)

NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y., July 18, 1864.

Gentlemen: I am informed that you are duly accredited from Richmond as the bearers of propositions looking to the establishment of peace, that you desire to visit Washington in the fulfillment of your mission, and that you further desire that Mr. George N. Sanders shall accompany you. If my information be thus far substantially correct, I am authorized by the President of the United States to tender you his safe conduct on the journey proposed, and to accompany you at the earliest time that will be agreeable to you.

I have the honor to be, gentlemen,

Yours, HORACE GREELEY.

To Messrs. Clement C. Clay, Jacob Thompson, James P. Holcombe, Clifton House, C. W.

REPLY OF MESSRS. CLAY AND HOLCOMBE.

CLIFTON HOUSE, NIAGARA FALLS, July 18, 1864.

Sir: We have the honor to acknowledge your favor of the 17th inst., which would have been answered on yesterday, but for the absence of Mr. Clay. The safe conduct of the President of the United States has been tendered us, we regret to state, under some misapprehension of facts. We have not been accredited to him from Richmond as the bearers of propositions looking to the establishment of peace. We are, however, in the confidential employment of our government, and are entirely familiar with its wishes and opinions on that subject; and we feel authorized to declare that, if the circumstances disclosed in this correspondence were communicated to Richmond, we would be at once invested with the authority to which your letter refers; or other gentlemen clothed with full powers would be immediately sent to Washington with a view of hastening a consummation so much to be desired, and terminating at the earliest possible moment the calamities of the war. We respectfully solicit, through your intervention, a safe conduct to Washington, and thence, by any route which may be designated, through your lines to Richmond. We would be gratified if Mr. George Sanders was embraced in this privilege. Permit us, in conclusion, to acknowledge our obligations to you for the interest you have manifested in the furtherance of our wishes, and to express the hope that, in any event, you will afford us the opportunity of tendering them in person before you leave the Falls.

We remain, very respectfully, &c.,

C. C. CLAY, Jr.,
J. P. HOLCOMBE.

P. S.—It is proper to state that Mr. Thompson is not here, and has not been staying with us since our sojourn in Canada.

MR. GREELEY TO CLAY AND HOLCOMBE.

INTERNATIONAL HOTEL, NIAGARA, N. Y., July 18, 1864.

Gentlemen: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of yours of this date by the hand of Mr. W. C. Jewett. The state of facts therein presented being materially different from that which was understood to exist by the President when he intrusted me with the safe conduct required, it seems to me on every account advisable that I should communicate with him by telegraph and solicit fresh instructions, which I shall at once proceed to do.

I hope to be able to transmit the result this afternoon, and, at all events, I shall do so at the earliest moment. Yours truly,

(Signed) HORACE GREELEY.

To Messrs. Clement C. Clay and James P. Holcombe, Clifton House, C. W.

THEIR ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

CLIFTON HOUSE, NIAGARA FALLS, July 18, 1864.

To HON. HORACE GREELEY, *Niagara Falls, N. Y.:*

Sir: We have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your note of this date, by the hands of Col. Jewett, and will await the further answer which you purpose to send to us. We are, very respectfully, &c.,

(Signed) C. C. CLAY, Jr.,
JAMES P. HOLCOMBE.

FURTHER FROM MR. GREELEY.

INTERNATIONAL HOTEL, NIAGARA FALLS, New York, July 19, 1864.

Gentlemen: At a late hour last evening (too late for communication with you) I received a dispatch informing me that further instructions left Washington last evening, which must reach me, if there be no interruption, at noon to-morrow. Should you decide to await their arrival, I feel confident that they will enable me to answer definitely your note of yesterday morning. Regretting a delay which I am sure you will regard as unavoidable on my part,

I remain, yours truly, HORACE GREELEY.

To Hon. Messrs. C. C. Clay, Jr., and J. P. Holcombe, Clifton House, Niagara, C. W.

ITS ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

CLIFTON HOUSE, NIAGARA FALLS, July 19, 1864.

Sir: Col. Jewett has just handed us your note of this date, in which you state that further instructions from Washington will reach you by noon to-morrow, if there be no interruption. One, or possibly both, of us may be obliged to leave the Falls to-day, but will return in time to receive the communication which you promise to-morrow.

We remain truly yours, &c.,

(Signed) JAMES P. HOLCOMBE,
C. C. CLAY, JR.

To Hon. Horace Greeley, now at the International Hotel.

THE PRESIDENT'S PROPOSITION.

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, July 18, 1864.

To whom it may concern:

Any proposition which embraces the restoration of peace, the integrity of the whole Union, and the abandonment of slavery, and which comes by and with an authority that can control the armies now at war against the United States, will be received and considered by the Executive government of the United States, and will be met by liberal terms, on substantial and collateral points, and the bearer or bearers thereof shall have safe conduct both ways.

(Signed) ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

FROM MAJ. HAY TO PROF. HOLCOMBE.

Major Hay would respectfully inquire whether Prof. Holcombe, and the gentlemen associated with him, desire to send to Washington by Major Hay any messages in reference to the communication delivered to him on yesterday, and, in that case, when he may expect to be favored with such messages.

THE REPLY.

INTERNATIONAL HOTEL, Wednesday

Mr. Holcombe presents his compliments to Major Hay, and greatly regrets if his return to Washington has been delayed by any expectation of an answer to the communication which Mr. Holcombe received from him on yesterday, to be delivered to the President of the United States. That communication was accepted as the response to a letter of Messrs. Clay and Holcombe to Hon. H. Greeley, and to that gentleman an answer has been transmitted.

CLIFTON HOUSE, NIAGARA FALLS, Thursday, July 21.

MR. JEWETT MAKES A NOTE.

[Copy of original letter held by me to deliver to Hon, Horace Greeley, and which duplicate I now furnish the Associated Press. Signed,

WM. CORNELL JEWETT.

FINAL RESPONSE FROM CLAY AND HOLCOMBE.

NIAGARA FALLS, CLIFTON HOUSE, July 21.

To Hon. HORACE GREELEY:

Sir: The paper handed to Mr. Holcombe on yesterday, in your presence, by Maj. Hay, A. A. G., as an answer to the application in our note of the 18th inst., is couched in the following terms:

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, D. C., July 18, 1864.

To whom it may concern:

Any proposition which embraces the restoration of peace, the integrity of the whole Union, and the abandonment of slavery, and which comes by and with an authority that can control the armies now at war against the United States, will be received and considered by the Executive government of the United States, and will be met by liberal terms, on other substantial and collateral points, and the bearer or bearers thereof shall have safe conduct both ways. ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

The application to which we refer was elicited by your letter of the 17th inst., in which you inform Mr. Jacob Thompson and ourselves that you were authorized by the President of the United States to tender us his safe conduct on the hypothesis that we were "duly accredited from Richmond as bearers of propositions looking to the establishment of peace," and desired a visit to Washington in the fulfilment of this mission. This assertion, to which we then gave, and still do, entire credence, was accepted by us as the evidence of an unexpected but most gratifying change in the policy of the President, a change which we felt authorized to hope might terminate in the conclusion of a peace mutually just, honorable and advantageous to the North and to the South, exacting no condition but that we should be "duly accredited from Richmond as bearers of propositions looking to the establishment of peace." Thus proffering a basis for conference as comprehensive as we could desire, it seemed to us that the President opened a door which had previously been closed against the Confederate States for a full interchange of sentiments, free discussion of conflicting opinions and untrammeled effort to remove all causes of controversy by liberal negotiations. We, indeed, could not claim the benefit of a safe conduct which had been extended to us in a character we had no right to assume and had never affected to possess; but the uniform declarations of our Executive and Congress, and their thrice repeated, and as often repulsed, attempts to open negotiations, furnish a sufficient pledge to assure us that this conciliatory manifestation on the part of the President of the United States would be met by them in a temper of equal magnanimity. We had, therefore, no hesitation in declaring that if this correspondence was communicated to the President of the Confederate States, he would promptly embrace the opportunity presented for seeking a peaceful solution of this unhappy strife. We feel confident that you must share our profound regret that the spirit which dictated the first step toward peace had not continued to animate the counsels of your President. Had the representatives of the two governments met to consider this question, the most momentous ever submitted to human statesmanship, in a temper of becoming moderation and equity, followed as their deliberations would have been by the prayers and benedictions of every patriot and Christian on the habitable globe, who is there so bold as to pronounce that the frightful waste of individual happiness and public prosperity which is daily saddening the universal heart, might not have been terminated; or if the desolation and carnage of war must still be endured through weary years of blood and suffering, that there might not at least have been infused into its conduct something more of the spirit which softens and partially redeems its brutalities? Instead of the safe conduct which we solicited, and which your first letter gave us every reason to suppose would be extended for the purpose of initiating a negotiation in which neither government would compromise its rights or its dignity, a document has been presented which provokes as much indignation as surprise. It bears no feature of resemblance to that which was originally offered, and is unlike any paper which ever before emanated from the constitutional Executive of a free people. Addressed "to whom it may concern," it precludes negotiation, and prescribes in advance the terms and conditions of peace. It returns to the original policy of "No bargaining, no negotiations, no truces with rebels except to bury their dead, until every man shall have laid down his arms, submitted to the government, and sued for mercy." What may be the explanation of this sudden and entire change in the views of the President, of this rude withdrawal of a courteous overture for negotiation at the moment it was likely to be accepted, of this emphatic recall of words of peace just uttered, and fresh blasts of war to the bitter end, we leave for the speculation of those who have the means or inclination to penetrate the mysteries of his Cabinet, or fathom the caprice of his imperial will. It is enough for us to say that we have no use whatever for the paper which has been placed in our hands. We could not transmit it to the President of the Confederate States without offering him an indignity, dishonoring ourselves and incurring the well-merited scorn of our countrymen.

Whilst an ardent desire for peace pervades the people of the Confederate States, we rejoice to believe that there are few, if any among them, who would purchase it at the expense of liberty, honor and self-respect. If it can be secured only by their submission to terms of conquest, the generation is yet unborn which will witness its restitution. If there be any military autocrat in the North who is entitled to proffer the conditions of this manifesto, there is none in the South authorized to entertain them. Those who control our armies are the servants of the people, not their masters; and they have no more inclination, than they have right, to subvert the social institutions of the sovereign States, to overthrow their established Constitutions, and to barter away their priceless heritage of self-government. This correspondence will not, however, we trust, prove wholly barren of good results.

If there is any citizen of the Confederate States who has clung to a hope that peace was possible with this Administration of the Federal government, it will strip from his eyes the last film of such a delusion. Or, if there be any whose hearts have grown faint under the suffering and agony of this bloody struggle, it will inspire them with fresh energy to endure and brave whatever may yet be requisite to preserve to themselves and their children all that gives dignity and value to life or hope and consolation to death. And if there be any patriots or Christians in your land, who shrink appalled from the illimitable virtue of private misery and public calamity which stretches before them, we pray that in their bosoms a resolution may be quickened to recall the abused authority and vindicate the outraged civilization of their country. For the solicitude you have manifested to inaugurate a movement which contemplates results the most noble and humane, we return our sincere thanks; and are, most respectfully and truly, your obedient servants,

C. C. CLAY, JR.,
JAMES P. HOLCOMBE.

THANKS TO CORNELL JEWETT.

CLIFTON HOUSE, NIAGARA FALLS, July 20, 1864.

Col. W. C. JEWETT, *Cataract House, Niagara Falls:*

Sir: We are in receipt of your note admonishing us of the departure of Hon. Horace Greeley from the Falls; that he regrets the sad termination of the initiatory steps taken for peace, in consequence of the change made by the President in his instructions to convey commissioners to Washington for negotiations unconditionally; and that Mr. Greeley will be pleased to receive any answer we may have to make through you. We avail ourselves of this offer to inclose a letter to Mr. Greeley, which you will oblige us by delivering. We cannot take leave of you without expressing our thanks for your courtesy and kind offices as the intermediary through whom our correspondence with Mr. Greeley has been conducted, and assuring you that we are, very respectfully, your obedient servants,

C. C. CLAY, JR.,
JAMES P. HOLCOMBE.

MR. GARRISON TO PROF. NEWMAN.

SECOND LETTER.

DEAR SIR: Not to make my letter to you, in *The Liberator* of last week, too long for convenient perusal, it was somewhat abruptly closed. I desire to look fairly in the face the grievances you specify; though having demonstrated that the most cheering and important anti-slavery measures—virtually including the total abolition of slavery, and absolutely relieving the government of its old complicity with that foul system of wrong—have been instituted by President Lincoln and his Administration in the prosecution of the war, any minor grievances might be left unnoticed as not affecting the general question at issue.

"The greater includes the less." The abolition of slavery is first in order, and of paramount importance, before we begin to determine the exact political status of those set free. The elective franchise is a conventional, not a natural right; yet, the more it is enjoyed in any community, as a general statement, the better for public safety and administrative justice. It is the boast of England, that no slave can touch her soil without sundering his fetters; yet suffrage is far from being universal among you, for thousands of your laboring poor are deprived of its possession. Nevertheless, you are none the less proud to declare that

"Slaves cannot breathe in England; if their lungs
Inhale our air, that moment they are free;
They touch our country, and their shackles fall."

How is it, then, that—overlooking the great fact, that slavery has been abolished throughout Louisiana—you seek to cast odium upon President Lincoln for not giving the right to vote to the colored population of that State, in the reconstruction of its State government? By what political precedent or administrative policy, in any country, could he have been justified if he had attempted to do this? When was it ever known that liberation from bondage was accompanied by a recognition of political equality? Chattels personal may be instantly translated from the auction-block into freemen; but when were they ever taken at the same time to the ballot-box, and invested with all political rights and immunities? According to the laws of development and progress, it is not practicable. To denounce or complain of President Lincoln for not disregarding public sentiment, and not flying in the face of these laws, is hardly just. Besides, I doubt whether he has the constitutional right to decide this matter. Ever since this government was organized, the right of suffrage has been determined by each State in the Union for itself, so that there is no uniformity in regard to it. In some free States, colored citizens are allowed to vote; in others, they are not. It is always a State, never a national matter. In honestly seeking to preserve the Union, it is not for President Lincoln to seek, by a special edict applied to a particular State or locality, to do violence to a universal rule, accepted and acted upon from the beginning till now by the States in their individual sovereignty. Under the War Power, he had the constitutional right to emancipate the slaves in every rebel State, and also to insist that, in any plan of reconstruction that might be agreed upon, slavery should be admitted to be dead, beyond power of resurrection. That being accomplished, I question whether he could safely or advantageously—to say the least—enforce a rule, *ab initio*, touching the ballot, which abolishes complexional distinctions; any more than he could safely or advantageously decree that all women (whose title is equally good) should enjoy the electoral right, and help form the State. Nor, if the freed blacks were admitted to the polls by Presidential fiat, do I see any permanent advantage likely to be secured by it; for, submitted to as a necessity at the outset, as soon as the State was organized and left to manage its own affairs, the white population, with their superior intelligence, wealth and power, would unquestionably alter the franchise in accordance with their prejudices, and exclude those thus summarily brought to the polls. Coercion would gain nothing. In other words—as in your own country—universal suffrage will be hard to win and to hold, without a general preparation of feeling and sentiment. But it will come, both at the South and with you; yet only by a struggle *on the part of the disfranchised*, and a growing conviction of its justice, "in the good time coming." With the abolition of slavery in the South, prejudice or "colorphobia," the natural product of the system, will gradually disappear—as in the case of your West India colonies—and black men will win their way to wealth, distinction, eminence, and official station. I ask only a charitable judgment for President Lincoln respecting this matter, whether in Louisiana or any other State.

Referring to the President, you say:

"His proclamation has done immense good; nor will I yield to you in extolling many of his acts. Yet if we had understood the quality of his logic, his *exclusion of morality* from Presidential duties, and his wonderful disowning of all duty towards colored men *not prescribed in the codes of slaveholders*, it would have been impossible to excite enthusiasm for him in an English audience."

Is there not some confusion of mind here? Is the proclamation destitute of morality? Or do you find it "prescribed in the codes of slaveholders"? And so of the "many other acts" which you are disposed to extol. You do injustice to Mr. Lincoln, and subject him to an unfair impeachment. Be assured, he has tried, to the best of his judgment, faithfully to discharge his constitutional duties, as under solemn oath to God and the people. Granted that he has been sometimes lacking in energy of will, clearness of vision, and power of inspiration: who is complete in all things, and never found wanting? The main thing is, is he honestly and sincerely endeavoring to save the republic, according to the measure of his constitutional power; and has he not done a mighty work for liberty and humanity—unparalleled in any age or nation—since he became President? Because he is guided by what is prescribed in the Constitution, as he understands it, is he to be accused of confessed immorality on his part? Can he act otherwise without being guilty of perfidy? Is it creditable in England for a man to take office, and then do as he pleases, without regard to the conditions imposed upon him?

Again you say—"Mr. Lincoln puts a Southern construction upon the Constitution." Herein you are greatly mistaken, and do him fresh injustice—unintentionally, of course. The only construction Mr. Lincoln puts upon the Constitution is an American one—the same as was put upon it by Washington, Adams, and Jefferson, and the people have always sanctioned.

Again you err in saying—"In old days, the iniquity (slavery) was maintained in Tennessee by local wickedness only. Mr. Lincoln has insisted on upholding it there by Federal guilt." Now, the fact is, before the rebellion, the whole power of the country was constitutionally pledged to maintain slavery in Tennessee, and in every other slave State, if needed, as against a slave insurrection or an exodus of the oppressed. At the present time, in that State, it is a rope of sand, and has only a nominal existence. As elsewhere, its doom is sealed. Here and there, 'Northern soldiers" may have been "the vile instruments of the slaveholder," but the cases have been few and far between, incidental and transient, arising more from personal prejudice against the blacks than from official command, and are not likely to be repeated.

Once more you say:

"Until recently, I have looked on your war with serene satisfaction as a sublime sacrifice for a magnificent future, glorious to you, beneficent to our millions. I have indulged in glowing anticipations, in which I have seemed to friends but a wild dreamer. Since I have learned that your President has sanctioned Gen. Banks's ordinances, I begin to fear that I have indeed been a dreamer, and that your enemies here are substantially correct."

Your charge is somewhat indefinite in regard to "Gen. Banks's ordinances." One of them is the establishment of common schools—that system which has made New England so prosperous, intelligent and powerful—for the entire colored population under his rule. Surely, you do not mean to condemn that ordinance, or to impeach the President for its enforcement! Please put this great saving measure down to the credit both of Mr. Lincoln and Gen. Banks. It is a tall plume in their caps! Another ordinance is, the total abolition of slavery by Gen. Banks throughout his department, where it was expressly exempted by the President's Emancipation proclamation of January 1, 1863—thus making it complete throughout the State. Of course, this was done with the sanction of the President, and is an additional plume for himself and the President, of the tallest kind!

Finally, you say:

"If it can be said, 'Garrison does not reprove Gen. Banks's measures,' it will be inferred that they do full justice to the colored race. A great responsibility now rests on you to use your power aright."

Such noble measures as I have referred to deserve no reproof, but rather the warmest commendation. Any measure which is ill-judged and unjust—such as the ordinance for the cultivation of the plantations—I denounce and condemn. But, at the worst, it is only a temporary shift—for a single year, rapidly expiring—to adjust matters in the midst of a disorganized state of society, where the masters no longer have power to enforce their authority, and where the unemployed and uncoerced are liable to be a burden to the government, or to become vagabonds. It was made needlessly stringent, and is very objectionable in some of its features. It will, however, unquestionably end by its own limitation. Hereafter, its operations will be better known and understood. Gen. Banks has yet to be heard in vindication, or at least explanation of his course in this particular. His two other grand ordinances, already alluded to, will cover a multitude of blunders and mistakes.

As a proof that the colored population within the loyal portion of Louisiana under Gen. Banks's administration regard their altered condition as one calling for enthusiastic public demonstrations, I ask you to read—as I have with pleasure and wonder—the following extracts from a letter which I find in the Philadelphia *Christian Recorder* (colored), from James F. Jones, Ward Master in Hospital of the 8th U. S. H. A., and dated "Camp Parapet, New Orleans, June 19, 1864":

"Wonderful indeed has been the mighty change in public opinion. Stranger still the change that the feelings and sentiments of the people of the South are daily undergoing in reference to slavery and the colored race. Strange and unlooked for changes in this direction are daily taking place. Stranger, too, when clothed in the garb of justice and humanity to the colored man, the chief operators in which are Southern slaveholders in an extreme Southern State. My astonishment is still increased when I behold a State Constitutional Convention, composed of slaveholders, sitting in the slaveholding city of New Orleans, adopting a clause to their Constitution which at once and forever abolishes slavery and involuntary servitude, except it be for crime, within the State of Louisiana—and that, too, without the great and selfish hobby of compensation to owners. This is a triumph, indeed, and shows conclusively that Northern arms, under the guidance of the Almighty, have accomplished more than speeches of Northern men in Congress could accomplish. Not only this, but it proves further to me that the Lord has declared, for the last time, that the stain of human slavery must and shall be wiped out. He has made frequent calls to them through the pulpit, the press, and from the halls of Congress. All these they have allowed to pass unheeded, and now they must bow and submit to His holy will; and they themselves are the first instruments in his hands to do what they defied the nations of the earth to do, viz: abolish slavery, and declare the slave a man.

"Saturday, the 11th, was a day long to be remembered by both white and colored people in the city of New Orleans. This day was set apart by our people, for the purpose of giving expression to their feelings and sentiments in reference to the passage of the Emancipation Act. To properly celebrate this great event was a matter of no little interest to them; and, fraught as it was with unknown effects upon the freedmen, and placing upon them new and important responsibilities and obligations, it became a matter of double interest to all concerned. Fortunately for themselves and their race, they acquitted themselves honorably. The day was such a one as is only to be seen and enjoyed in the 'Sunny South.' At an early hour, the people began to pour into the city from the country and surrounding villages. Men, women and children, young and old, those that had ever been free, and those that had just realized the pleasing sensation caused by the falling off of their chains, all were there. For the time being, the plantation, the farm, the workshops, hotels, and all places of labor and amusement were deserted and forgotten. The people were out to celebrate what to them was a great epoch in the history of their race.

"They came by hundreds and thousands; they came with bands playing and banners flying; they came vieing with each other as to who should appear best, and show the highest appreciation for the cause that brought them together. They came in their strength, and as they came their cry was,

SLAVERY'S CHAIN IS BROKEN!

"At ten o'clock, a.m., the procession was formed at the Second Baptist Church, which was the place of general rendezvous. From thence they passed through some of the principal streets, to Congo Square, the place where the meeting was held.

"I cannot be precise in giving your readers the names of the different societies, or their order in the procession. Suffice it to say that religious congregations, Sabbath and day schools, Benevolent Societies, Temperance Societies, political and social Clubs, Mechanics' Associations, farmers, and last, though not least, laborers, all had a place in that mighty procession, which, as it passed along, headed by the Fourth Louisiana (colored) Cavalry, made even the good men that voted them free almost shudder when they beheld the power and numbers that by their individual and collective aid had been, as it were, brought to life.

"The procession arriving at Congo Square, the different delegations were disposed according to programme. The exercises were opened with prayer by the Rev. Mr. Forrest, after which the Rev. Mr. Rodgers, D.D., orator of the day, delivered an address replete with historical facts, and showing that the Almighty has called us as a people from under the hand of the hard taskmaster.

"It was a masterly effort indeed, and bore on its face the fact that the colored man has a mind, and is capable of thinking and reasoning. The Doctor's address went very far towards convincing the slaveholders that, now that they had opened the door of education to the colored man, they must guard the path to intellectual improvement with a jealous eye, or else they will find a stern and powerful competitor in that same black man, in an intellectual point of view.

"The celebration was a complete success. It did honor to all engaged in its arrangement; and our Northern brethren have little to boast of when we contrast behavior and general deportment."

My dear sir, I beg you to take a telescopic rather than a microscopic view of our affairs; and, instead of dwelling upon and magnifying to huge dimensions those incidental errors and outrages which are inevitable in the midst of such an awful civil war, and which are sure to be corrected, fix your gaze upon those sublime and glorious acts of President Lincoln's administration, whereby slavery has received its death-warrant, and the haughty Slave Power been laid low in the dust, and still feel justified in looking on this struggle "with serene satisfaction as a sublime sacrifice for a magnificent future."

Accepting your letter as a proof of your personal friendship, and as elicited by a very commendable zeal for the cause of justice and humanity, I remain,

Yours, with a heart full of thanksgiving and joy, and with high regards, WM. LLOYD GARRISON.

Prof. FRANCIS W. NEWMAN.

THE PARTY OF THE CONSTITUTION.

WE apprehend that the great length of Senator Buckalew's Democratic Address, to which about half the Opposition members of Congress (including that model Democrat, Garret Davis) were persuaded to affix their names, must preclude its very general perusal; hence we desire to call special attention to its more significant phases. Take, for example, the following, illustrative and eulogistic of "Democratic" fidelity to the Constitution. Say Messrs. Buckalew & Co.:

"The American States required a compact of Union to go through the war of the Revolution, and it was made. Subsequently they required an amended compact, creating a more intimate Union, to secure to them the fruits of independence. From their deliberations on the latter occasion there resulted that most admirable instrument, the Constitution of the United States, under which the Republic has existed and prospered for more than seventy years. And, now, under our experience of revolt, and war, and misgovernment, we may conclude that additional securities for liberty and Union should be established in the fundamental law. But these securities must consist of limitations rather than of extensions of Federal authority, and must not invade those fields of power which were left sacred to State jurisdiction in the original scheme of Union.

"The Constitution should provide against the uncontrolled domination of sectional parties, South or North, in the government of the United States, as the most indispensable and vital regulation possible for our safety and continued existence as a republic. We refer upon this point to our remarks at the beginning of the present address as exhibiting the grounds upon which this most important proposition may stand, and as illustrating its utility and necessity beyond all cavil or question. An adequate, real, and efficient check in government, securing a balance of power between political interests, is unquestionably the highest and most important point in constitutional science; and it is most evident that because our system has been found defective in this particular, we are now involved in a war, and scourged by misgovernment in its most intolerable, odious, and lawless forms. The checks already provided in our Constitution, and which have been so salutary in their action and influence upon the government, must be supplemented by some proper provision which shall more perfectly perform the office and function for which they were designed. For it is now proved amid the blood and tears of this nation, that all balance in our government may be lost, and all its checks be found insufficient to curb the insolence and guilt of faction and secure obedience to those fundamental principles of liberty, law, and right, which were established by our fathers. We are at war, and blood flows, and wealth is wasted, and fanaticism runs riot, and the Constitution is broken, and we are bowed down by bitter grief and sorrow in all our homes, because a sectional faction rules the government of the United States, free from restraint or curb, or limitation of its powers. And it should be made impossible that this condition of things can again exist, after we have once extricated ourselves from the grasp of calamity.

"There should also be a judicious limitation upon the distribution of Federal patronage. The prodigious growth and present extent of that patronage in official appointments constitutes a fertile source of corruption and danger. Nearly the whole mass of Federal appointments are poised four years upon a Presidential election, intensifying and debasing the struggle for power, and sowing the seeds of corruption broadcast throughout the land. Purity, economy and justice in government become almost impossible under this system, and their restoration and maintenance demand its amendment. A change by which the great body of public officers would hold for fixed terms, and be removable only for lawful cause, would be one of great merit and wisdom, and is among the most desirable objects to be sought in our public policy."

—For years we have heard the people exhorted to vote for and uphold the Democratic party because of its alleged fidelity and devotion to the Federal Constitution. That Constitution has been held up to admiration by said party's orators and oracles as the model charter of government—the highest achievement of uninspired wisdom. But this admiration, it now seems, is not excited by "the Constitution as it is," which experience has proved grossly imperfect and defective, but contemplates the Constitution as it would be, if radically changed in accordance with the views of the Democratic leaders. There must be "additional securities for Liberty and Union"; there must be new safeguards "against the uncontrolled domination of sectional parties"; there must be "an adequate, real, and efficient check on government, securing a balance of power between political interests"—in short, there must be new devices and contrivances for enabling a handful of slaveholders to rule thirty million people, or the Constitution will not answer.

—Now we consider it no mortal sin to propose amendments to the Federal Constitution. We presume such might be made which would prove judicious and beneficent. We are prepared to consider without prejudice any suggestion of amendment that may be offered. But we do most decidedly object to the Opposition taking the credit at once of being devotees of "the Constitution as it is" and advocates of its radical amendment. And, if amendments are to be made, we claim an equal right with others to propose them, and as good a right to seek changes in the interest of impartial liberty as any can have to propose them in behalf of caste and eternal slavery. If it be well to consider what constitutional changes are required to give slaveholders a surer hold on the government and their negroes, then it is at least equally justifiable to seek such changes as shall conduce to the reign of Eternal Justice—the full and final recognition of the inalienable rights of man.—*Tribune.*

LETTER FROM ANDREW JOHNSON.

HE ACCEPTS THE NOMINATION FOR VICE-PRESIDENT.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., July 2, 1864.

Hon. WILLIAM DENNISON, *Chairman, and others, Committee of the National Union Convention:*

GENTLEMEN: Your communication of the 9th ult., informing me of my nomination for the Vice-Presidency of the United States, by the National Convention held at Baltimore, and enclosing a copy of the resolutions adopted by that body, was not received until the 25th ult.

A reply on my part had been previously made to the action of the Convention in presenting my name, in a speech delivered in this city on the evening succeeding the day of the adjournment of the Convention, in which I indicated my acceptance of the distinguished honor conferred by that body, and defined the grounds upon which that acceptance was based, substantially saying what I now have to say. From the comments made upon that speech by the various presses of the country to which my attention has been directed, I considered it to be regarded as a full acceptance.

In view, however, of the desire expressed in your communication, I will more fully allude to a few points that have been heretofore presented.

My opinions on the leading questions at present agitating and distracting the public mind, and especially in reference to the rebellion now being waged against the government and authority of the United States, I presume are generally understood. Before the Southern people assumed a belligerent attitude (and repeatedly since), I took occasion most frankly to declare the views I then entertained in relation to the wicked purposes of the Southern politicians. They have since undergone but little, if any, change. Time and subsequent events have rather confirmed than diminished my confidence in their correctness.

At the beginning of this great struggle, I entertained the same opinion of it I do now, and in my place in the Senate I denounced it as treason, worthy the punishment of death, and warned the government and people of the impending danger. But my voice was not heard or counsel heeded until it was too late to avert the storm. It still continued to gather over us without molestation from the authorities at Washington, until at length it broke with all its fury upon the country. And now, if we would save the government from being overwhelmed by it, we must meet it in the true spirit of patriotism, and bring traitors to the punishment due their crimes, and, *by force of arms*, crush out and subdue the last vestige of rebel authority in every State. I felt then, as now, that the destruction of the government was deliberately determined upon by wicked and designing conspirators, whose lives and fortunes were pledged to carry it out; and that no compromise, short of an unconditional recognition of the independence of the Southern States could have been, or could now be proposed, which they would accept. The clamor for "Southern Rights," as the rebel journals were pleased to designate their rallying cry, was not to secure their assumed rights *in the Union and under the Constitution*, but to disrupt the government and establish an independent organization, based upon slavery, which they could at all times control.

The separation of the government has for years past been the cherished purpose of the Southern leaders. Baffled in 1832 by the stern, patriotic heroism of Andrew Jackson, they sullenly acquiesced, only to mature their diabolical schemes, and await the recurrence of a more favorable opportunity to execute them. Then the pretext was the tariff, and Jackson, after foiling their schemes of nullification and disunion, with prophetic perspicacity, warned the country against the renewal of their efforts to dismember the government.

In a letter, dated May 1, 1833, to the Rev. A. J. Crawford, after demonstrating the heartless insincerity of the Southern Nullifiers, he said:

"Therefore the tariff was only a pretext, and disunion and a Southern Confederacy the real object. The next pretext will be the negro, or slavery question."

Time has fully verified this prediction, and we have now not only "the negro, or slavery question," as the pretext, but the real cause of the rebellion, and both must go down together. It is vain to attempt to reconstruct the Union with the distracting element of slavery in it. Experience has demonstrated its incompatibility with the free and republican governments, and it would be unwise and unjust longer to continue it as one of the institutions of the country. While it remained subordinate to the Constitution and laws of the United States, I yielded to it my support, but when it became rebellious and attempted to rise above the government, and control its action, I threw my humble influence against it.

The authority of the government is supreme, and will admit of no rivalry. No institution can rise above it, whether it be slavery or any other organized power. In our happy form of government all must be subordinate to the will of the people, when reflected through the Constitution and laws made pursuant thereto—State or Federal. This great principle lies at the foundation of every government, and cannot be disregarded without the destruction of the government itself. In the support and practice of correct principles we can never reach wrong results; and by rigorously adhering to this great fundamental truth, the end will be the preservation of the

Union and the overthrow of an institution which has made war upon and attempted the destruction of the government itself.

The mode by which this great change—the emancipation of the slave—can be effected, is properly found in the power to amend the Constitution of the United States. This plan is effectual, and of no doubtful authority; and while it does not contravene the timely exercise of the War Power by the President in his Emancipation Proclamation, it comes stamped with the authority of the people themselves, acting in accordance with the written rule of the supreme law of the land, and must therefore give more general satisfaction and quietude to the distracted public mind.

By recurring to the principles contained in the resolutions so unanimously adopted by the Convention, I find that they substantially accord with my public acts and opinions heretofore made known and expressed, and are therefore most cordially indorsed and approved, and the nomination, having been conferred without any solicitation on my part, is with the greatest pleasure accepted.

In accepting the nomination, I might here close, but I cannot forego the opportunity of saying to my old friends of the Democratic party *proper*, with whom I have so long and pleasantly been associated, that the hour has now come when that great party can justly vindicate its devotion to true Democratic policy and measures of expediency. The war is a war of great principles. It involves the supremacy and life of the government itself. If the rebellion triumphs, free government—North and South—fails. If, on the other hand, the government is successful—as I do not doubt—its destiny is fixed, its basis permanent and enduring, and its career of honor and glory just begun. In a great contest like this for the existence of free government the path of duty is patriotism and principle. Minor considerations and questions of administrative policy should give way to the higher duty *of first preserving the government:* and then there will be time enough to wrangle over the men and measures pertaining to its administration.

This is not the hour for strife and division among ourselves. Such differences of opinion only encourage the enemy, prolong the war, and waste the country. Unity of action and concentration of power should be our watchword and rallying cry. This accomplished, the time will rapidly approach when their armies in the field—the great power of the rebellion—will be broken and crushed by our gallant officers and brave soldiers, and ere long they will return to their homes and firesides to resume again the avocations of peace, with the proud consciousness that they have aided in the noble work of reëstablishing upon a surer and more permanent basis the great temple of American Freedom.

I am, gentlemen, with sentiments of high regard,
Yours truly, ANDREW JOHNSON.

A MISSION TO RICHMOND.

Correspondence of The New York Times.

WASHINGTON, July 20.

AN individual, fresh from Richmond, not as a released prisoner, but an honored guest, entertained three days in the capital of the Southern Confederacy, feasted by Jeff. Davis, Benjamin, and their compeers, having around him the romance and the mystery of an unknown mission, and knowing the secrets of the rebel prison-house, is *rara avis* enough to make a sensation, even amid the leaden and languid heat of a Washington summer's day. Such a person, bringing with him all the experiences enumerated, arrived here to-day, direct from Richmond, by way of Gen. Grant's headquarters. His name is Col. James F. Jaques, of the Seventy-third Illinois Volunteers. Colonel, but parson also, being a minister of the Methodist Church. Though neither envoy nor ambassador, Col. Jaques had a mission of his own; clothed with no authority to speak for either President or government, he appears to have had authority enough of some kind to command a hearing from the principalities and powers that sit in Richmond; in fine, without being a plenipotentiary, he seems to be endowed with a certain species of power behind the throne that caused him to be attentively listened to and kindly treated by the chiefs of the rebellion.

Of the real object and end of Col. Jaques's mission, I am requested by himself not now to speak. It is perfectly proper to state, however, that it is in no respect official in its character, and that he had no warranty whatsoever to enter into any negotiations between this government and the rebel authorities. Any statement that would convey a different impression is false. Secondly, it may be stated that though Col. Jaques's mission contemplates results of the highest importance, these results are ulterior rather than immediate. Finally, it is warrantable to say that though his mission was one of peace, it was not a peace mission. Col. Jaques belongs to the church militant, and believes most heartily in dealing the rebellion what Hudibras calls "apostolic blows and knocks." Yet he has faith that the time will come, and is rapidly coming, when an agency of reconciliation, which he believes to be of immense power, can be used.

Animated by this sentiment, he succeeded in so impressing his views upon Mr. Lincoln that the President, without according him the smallest official recognition or authority, was willing, believing his honesty of purpose, that he should try the experiment of a visit to Richmond. Accordingly, he gave him a personal recommendation to Gen. Grant to pass him through the lines, or otherwise forward his views.

Thus aided, Col. Jaques, accompanied by Mr. Edmund Kirke, made his way from Gen. Grant's headquarters by the north side of the James river, and passing the rebel lines, reached the Confederate Capital. Here they remained for three days—Saturday, Sunday and Monday last. While in Richmond, Col. Jaques, at his own request, was placed under guard; but he had the entire freedom of the city, and put up during his visit at the Spottswood House, the "crack" hotel of Richmond.

The Colonel, during his three days' stay, visited the various Confederate authorities, as well as the prisons and hospitals in which our captives and wounded are confined. He had two prolonged interviews with President Davis, in his office in the Custom House; and although the nature and subject-matter of the conversations between himself and the rebel President are not proper for present publication, yet it is understood that Col. Jaques met with considerable success in impressing his views upon Mr. Davis. When taking his leave, Davis took the Colonel's hand in both his, shook it warmly and cordially, and stated that, leaving out of view the present struggle, he had the highest respect for his character and aims.

The Colonel, while a guest at the Spottswood House, fared sumptuously, being fed on chicken, turkey, mutton, and all the viands of a well-appointed hotel, and entertained with fine brandies and costly wines. His bill would have amounted to more than $500 in Confederate money, but he found it impossible to induce his entertainers to accept any return for the hospitality he had received.

Col. Jaques also had interviews with Mr. Benjamin, Secretary of State; Mr. Ould, Commissioner of Exchange, and other Confederate dignitaries and authorities.

The Colonel was permitted to visit the Libby and Belle Isle prisons, and reports that he was agreeably disappointed by the comparatively comfortable condition in which he found our Union captives therein confined. The wounded, also, though only the more desperate cases are retained in the hospitals of Richmond, he found as well cared for as could be expected.

The streets of Richmond are almost deserted, few others being seen than soldiers, women, negroes and cripples. Many of the stores, however, remain open, and there is some business activity.

Col. Jaques describes Jeff. Davis as hale and hearty in appearance, his health being much better latterly than it had been, and, though thin in face and person, the tough and wiry constitution of the rebel chieftain presents no likelihood of his giving out during the natural life of the rebellion.

Extraordinary though Col. Jaques's story, his mission and all belonging thereto may appear, there can be no doubt whatever of his thorough honesty; and with this quality he appears to be credited both by our own and the rebel authorities. Of his wisdom there may possibly be more question.

[Mr. J. R. Gilmore ("Edmund Kirke"), in a letter to the Boston *Transcript*, says:]

With Col. Jaques's supposed "mission" I have nothing to do. I went with him—or rather, he went with me, for my pass directed Gen. Grant to "allow J. R. Gilmore and *friend* to pass our lines and go South"—to Richmond, on Saturday last, and I can say, unequivocally, that the President knew nothing of his accompanying me.

Mr. Lincoln, though an old-time friend and acquaintance of Col. Jaques, has not even *seen* him for now nearly three years.

How the newspaper statements in reference to our visit to Mr. Davis originated, I do not know. Until 12 o'clock last night—when I returned to my home in this city—I had communicated to no human being, except Gens. Butler and Grant, and the President, the fact of having been in the rebel capital at all.

So much for your paragraph. Now, allow me a few words in reference to a telegram in this morning's *Advertiser*, which charges me with being an *attaché* of the New York *Tribune*, and with having some connection with the Sanders-Greeley negotiation that is said to be going on at Niagara Falls.

I am *not*, and *never have been*, connected with the New York *Tribune*. At the urgent solicitation of Mr. Sidney Howard Gay, the managing editor of that journal (who is a very dear and intimate friend of mine), I *did* consent, nearly two years ago, to the *Tribune Association* publishing a cheap edition of my books (but that arrangement was long since discontinued), and I did, in July last, write half a dozen sketches for that paper.

I have not, however, exchanged a word with Mr. Greeley, or even seen him, for fully three months, and I have no connection with, in fact I know nothing of, his "negotiations."

This much, however, in reference to that much-talked-of matter, being a Yankee, I can *guess*. *It will result in nothing.* Jefferson Davis said to me last Sunday (and, with all his faults, I believe him a man of truth): "This war must go on till the last of this generation falls in his tracks, and his children seize his musket and fight our battle, *unless you acknowledge our right to self-government.* We are not fighting for slavery. We are fighting for INDEPENDENCE, and that, or extermination, we *will* have."

If Messrs. Sanders, Holcombe, Thompson & Co have "pulled the wool" over the eyes of Mr. Greeley, they have not pulled it over the eyes of Mr. Lincoln. He, I know, fully understands and appreciates their overtures, and you can safely assure your readers that the interests and honor of the country are safe in his hands. If every man, woman and child in this nation knew him as I do, they would believe this, and would say, as I do, GOD BLESS HIM.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 30, 1864.

THE NIAGARA NEGOTIATION.

THE public was startled last week by rumors of strange negotiations going forward by the banks of the Niagara, and also in the innermost sanctuary of Richmond, which were to bring our hostilities with our misguided brethren to a speedy and happy conclusion. The Hon. Horace Greeley on the part of the United States, George N. Sanders, Clement C. Clay and a Professor Holcombe, on the part of the other high contracting party, had forgathered, it was affirmed, at the Clifton House in diplomatic debate, while a Rev. Col. Jaques and Mr. Edmund Kirke, who had issued from Among the Pines for the purpose, were colloquizing with the Arch Rebel at Richmond, all in the one interest of peace and good-will. The terms, even, on which these blessings were to be had, were confidently reported. They were nothing more considerable than that amnesty should be granted to all concerned in the Rebellion, all slaves still in the possession of the rebels to remain their property, and the United States to pay the whole expense of the war, South as well as North. We must commend the moderation of the Rebel negotiators, on the supposition that these were the substantial clauses of the inchoate treaty, in not requiring the restitution of all slaves that had been freed in the course of the war, or full compensation for such as could not be recovered. It were certainly quite as reasonable as the rest of it. But fresher advices inform us that, though these several appropinquations of loyalty and treason had taken place, there was no connection between the two, each being carried on upon separate account. The only material information that has yet arrived from the Richmond mission is that Colonel Jaques was feasted on chicken and turkey, washed down with the best brandies and wines, without money and without price, at the Spottswood House, and the only contribution to our stores of moral knowledge is the assurance of Mr. Kirke that Jefferson Davis, whatever may be his other faults, "*is a man of truth!*" This discovery amply repays whatever expense or trouble the voyage in search of it may have cost. We have fuller details as to the doings on the Canada side of the great cataract, but they only contain the cruel disappointment of whatever hopes of peace and reconstruction might have been founded upon that Congress of Extraordinary Envoys, if not of Plenipotentiary Ministers. Mr. Greeley must have felt that politics as well as misery brings a man acquainted with strange bed-fellows, when he found himself tucked up, to use Burke's figure of speech, in the same truckle-bed with George N. Sanders and William Cornell Jewett! George F. Train was only wanting to make the party complete.

The Correspondence, as far as it has been made public, is epic in the abruptness of its opening. It plunges *in medias res*. But its epic analogies fail, herein, inasmuch as what went before is nowhere explained, episodically, as the work goes on. One can hardly believe that so skilful an angler as Mr. Sanders has shown himself to be would have thrown a line at random in the hope of putting a hook into the jaws of the leviathan of *The Tribune*, unless some preliminary manœuvre had prepared his prey for it. Mr. Greeley must certainly have been astonished by the information being suddenly forced upon him that Messrs. Clay, Holcombe and Sanders "were ready and willing to go to Washington" upon a safe conduct being given them. Suppose they were—by no means an improbable supposition—what was it to him? Multitudes of their compeers would be very ready and willing to do the same thing, on the same terms. In the absence of any previous communications between the parties, Mr. Greeley certainly showed himself the most obliging of men, for he appears at once to have set about procuring the necessary safe conduct, either personally or by letter, from headquarters. But his imagination, it seems, ran away with him, and the terms on which the safe conduct was granted assumed that these Three Wise Men of the Southern Gotham "were accredited from Richmond as bearers of peace propostions." Now there was no word in Mr. Sanders's letter which expressed or implied that they were anything of the kind. In the absence of any preliminary communications, this idea must have been the mere figment of Mr. Greeley's heated fancy. At any rate, it hindered the ready and willing exiles from making the trip to Washington, on which we are to suppose that they had set their hearts. As they were not accredited as aforesaid, they could not use the safe conduct. So Mr. Greeley obligingly goes between them and the President again, and he and his new acquaintances received in return what we believe the Fancy term "*a settler*," in the manifesto "to whom it might concern," delivered from the Executive Mansion, promising safe conduct to any person or persons bearing propositions including the restoration of peace, the integrity of the whole Union, and the abandonment of slavery, coming from an authority controlling the rebel armies, and a due consideration of the same. Hereupon the substantial part of the negotiation ends, the amateur ambassadors finishing their diplomatic correspondence with a long letter to Mr. Greeley, condemning the President for his unwillingness to admit of their unauthorized intrusion, in which they infer that Mr. Greeley will sympathize, and expressing their sense of that gentleman's good offices in the most courteous terms. In a supplementary letter to Mr. Jewett, who fetched and carried between the high contracting parties, there is mention made of another letter to Mr. Greeley, which does not appear, but which, if not of too private a nature, we hope the public will be permitted to see.

It is very probable that Mr. Greeley, whose undisguised eagerness to promote a pacific settlement of the rebellion on almost any terms blinded him to the snare that was laid in his sight by these cunning fowlers, may have been surprised and hurt at this inglorious termination of his diplomacy. But we imagine that the rebel volunteer *diplomates* were neither the one nor the other. It is not conceivable that men of the world and well experienced in political intrigues, like Sanders and Clay, could for a moment suppose that the President would have received them in person or by any of his official servants, or given any weight to anything they could have had to say. Their purpose was to make out a case against the Administration for the purposes of the next Presidential campaign. They wanted to reinforce and swell the good Cry of the rejection of all advances of the rebels towards peace and the determination of the President to carry on the war for his own uses and for those of the Abolitionists and the Contractors. We shall see this correspondence flying all abroad by tens of thousands over the land, as a telling Campaign Document, showing the moderation of Richmond and the obstinacy of Washington. It was to provide such a Document, we have no doubt, that the trap was set in which Mr. Greeley was unfortunately caught. His eminent and influential name would give great weight to the transaction, and we may be sure that no skill or artifice was spared to work upon his mind to induce him to enter into it. We have spoken jestingly of the suddenness of the intimation to him of the readiness of these persons to go to Washington, with which the correspondence as published opens. But, of course, there had been previous communications of some sort, in consequence of which, we suppose, Mr. Greeley found himself at the Falls. Those "artful dodgers," unquestionably, had conveyed the idea to his mind, without committing themselves to it in writing, that they had powers from Richmond sufficient to authorize them to act with authority at Washington. Otherwise, it is not credible that he would have made the communication to Washington which must have implied that he believed them to be so empowered. Whether Messrs. Clay and Sanders be, like their great Chieftain, "men of truth," we cannot say, but we believe Mr. Greeley to be such a man, and incapable of representing things as facts at Washington which he did not believe to be such. And he certainly is not such a gudgeon as to have swallowed the hook of the first letter of the series, without even the pretext of a bait to hide it. His mind must have been artfully prepared by well-concocted lies carefully administered in skilful flatteries, which disturbed his natural vision with false presentiments and blear illusions. Mr. Sanders is, unquestionably, well contented with the success of his scheme, and might self-complacently say with Milton's sorcerer,

> "I, under fair pretence of friendly ends,
> With well-placed words of glozing courtesy,
> Baited with reasons not unplausible,
> Wound me into the easy-hearted man,
> And hugged him into snares!"

And with good reason. For he has the endorsement of Mr. Greeley, still a political power in the land, to the most effectual impeachment of his own candidate for the Presidency that will be urged against him in the campaign soon to open for the election of November.

The one advantage which the loyal part of the public will derive from this Treaty of the Niagara will be the reiteration on the part of the President of his Emancipation policy. No advances are to be made on the part of the rebels which shall not contain "THE ABANDONMENT OF SLAVERY" as an essential part of them. This abiding determination on his part cannot be too often or too strongly reaffirmed. For it is the game of all his open enemies and of many of his false friends, to imply that the Emancipation Proclamation may be recalled, or that it does not apply to any slaves who are not actually freed by contact with our armies—leaving all others open to future negotiation. In proportion as our arms are successful will propositions for peace and reunion, on the basis of leaving slavery wherever it actually exists to local legislation, increase and multiply. The consent of the President to grant a safe conduct to these men would have given color to the gloss that he is not absolutely determined against such a compromise, had it not been for the manifesto which the request called forth. And, without this, the permission to Col. Jaques and Mr. Kirke to make their most extraordinary visit to Jefferson Davis would have been readily twisted into such a leaning. The President indicates in these few words the only terms which the Nation ought to listen to from the rebels—terms, virtually, of entire submission, to be qualified by such mercy as the safety of the Republic will admit of. Anything short of this would be to surrender to them and to put the foot of the slave-masters once more on the neck of the Nation.

GEORGE THOMPSON AT THE WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY.

HE RECEIVES THE DEGREE OF LL.D.

LAST week Mr. Thompson paid a visit to Middletown, Ct., for the purpose of delivering an Address before the Phi Beta Kappa Association of the Wesleyan University. Mr. Thompson was also invited to speak before the Alumni, and was present at several other meetings during the Commencement proceedings. The following letter, addressed to *The Tribune*, describes the scene which occurred when an honorary degree of LL.D. was, (most unexpectedly to himself) conferred upon the English Abolitionist:

Correspondence of The New York Tribune.

MIDDLETOWN, Ct., July 21, 1864.

ONE of the most beautiful and appropriate college scenes of the season transpired on Thursday last, at the Commencement exercises of the Wesleyan University, at Middletown, Ct.

During the exercises of the graduating class, a tall and dignified gentleman, of benign and venerable, yet commanding aspect, was conducted upon the stand by Dr. Curry of *The Christian Advocate and Journal*, New York. The stranger was seated in a prominent position in the front, and fairly in view of the audience, that packed every seat and standing place. His fine form, tall, and straight as a mountain pine, was crowned with the snow that never melts off till in heaven, and his face showed lines of care and conflict, softened, however, by the light of benevolence that mellowed his lofty brow and firm blue eye.

All eyes were turned upon him with inquiring interest, and soon, among the initiated, the whisper circulated that the stranger was George Thompson, the eloquent English emancipationist.

The escort of Dr. Curry would have been suggestive of Anti-Slavery tastes, at least, and the moisture that troubled his eyes at an eloquent allusion to the name of William Wilberforce by one of the young gentlemen, tended to strengthen the surmise.

When the orations were over, and the Baccalaureate degrees conferred, everybody was uneasy and expectant, and there was a suspicion—more than that with some—that something was about to happen to the distinguished-looking stranger. Next in order came the Master's degree, *in cursu ad eundem*, and *honoris causa*, in which some men of rising worth were justly recognized. Then followed the degree of Doctor of Divinity, conferred upon the Rev. Isaac W. Wiley, editor of *The Ladies' Repository*, Cincinnati, Ohio, and the Rev. Robt. Allyn, President of McKendree College, Illinois, we believe. Last came the degree of Doctor of Laws. On reaching this the tall and gowned form of President Cummings turned once more to the Trustees and patrons of the University—*curatores honorandi atque reverendi, patronesque munifici*—as, with Oxford cap litted, he repeated the usual formula, until the place for the name and description was reached, when, turning full upon the all unconscious and listening stranger, he pronounced in full tones that this degree was conferred upon:

"*Georgium Thompson, scientia et literis bene meritum, humanitatis et hominis amicum, apostolon libertatis eloquentem, catenorum ruptorem, oppressorum lætitiam!*" [George Thompson, distinguished in science and letters, the friend of humanity and of man, the eloquent apostle of liberty, the sunderer of chains, and the joy of the oppressed!]

As the name of the great Abolitionist and friend of America was reached, an irrepressible tempest of applause burst from the delighted audience, and the sentence was finished amid thunders that shook the very walls, as the fine form of the venerable man—perfectly thunderstruck, as he afterwards assured us—bowed upon the ivory top of his cane and buried his face in his hands, and it was evident that the unexpected honor had touched his heart and moistened his kindling eyes.

Never was worthy deed more worthily done. It was meet that he who had so nobly battled for the deliverance of the oppressed, both in his own land and in this, should wear the honors of the Church of his fathers (and, at the beginning of his career, his own); the Church through whose mission the way for emancipation was prepared and the work begun in the West Indies, the Church first to obey the call of God in this war by putting away the abomination from her midst, and the University, also long slighted by the timid and pro-slavery party in its own denomination for the uncompromising attitude it has always occupied on this question.

This bestowment of the LL.D., the only one made, received, and will receive, the heartiest approbation, not of one denomination only, but of the whole country, and Mr. Thompson will carry home with him the profoundest respect and love of this nation, and the testimony that this age is beginning to learn that the best Doctors of the Law are those who teach and enforce God's great golden law of equal rights to all mankind.

G. L. T.

Mr. Thompson has subsequently received his diploma, together with the following official letter from the President of the University:

WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY, MIDDLETOWN, CT.,
July 25, 1864.

HON. GEORGE THOMPSON, LL.D.:

MY DEAR SIR: I have the honor to inform you that, at the recent Commencement of the Wesleyan University, the Degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred on you. By this act, the authorities of the University have signified their profound respect for your personal character, and for your distinguished services in the cause of humanity and liberty, and in advancing the interests of enlightened education and pure religion.

I am, dear sir, with much respect, yours,

JOSEPH CUMMINGS,
President of the Wes. University.

Mr. Thompson will deliver an address in Florence, Mass., on Friday evening, the 29th, and will attend a celebration of West India Emancipation, on Monday, the 1st of August, at Abington, in the same State.

POLITICAL CHEATING.

The Principia is endeavoring to counteract the damaging effects of Fremont's intensely "coppery" letter of acceptance, and of his efforts to win the support of the pro-slavery Democracy, by a parade of strong anti-slavery sentiments which he is alleged to have uttered in private conversation! The Committee appointed by the Cleveland Convention to inform him of his nomination laid before him, it will be remembered, a letter from Wendell Phillips, to which they called his particular attention, declaring their opinion that, if it had been offered to the Convention as a platform of its principles, it would have been adopted with tumultuous applause. So far from expressing his approval of this letter, Gen. Fremont, in his reply, did not deign so much as an allusion to it, but dwelt almost exclusively upon those parts of the platform which were intended to win the support of the Copperheads. He thus deliberately made up his record for the canvass, but now *The Principia* comes forward and seeks to amend it by reports of what he has since uttered in private! The birds that can be caught by such chaff must be silly indeed. The Copperheads, too, if there were need, could no doubt find great comfort in reports of his conversations with them! If he has anti-slavery principles and purposes to disclose, why does he not put them on record before the whole country, instead of uttering them in whispers behind the stairs, to be irresponsibly reported to the world by his mortified and embarrassed partisans? Those only who are willing to be cheated will give credence to statements of opinion put forth in such a form. Gen. Fremont, when he wrote his letter of acceptance, made up his record for the Presidential canvass; if he wishes to amend it, let him do so openly and above board, and not meanly attempt to gain credit for opinions and purposes which he dare not put in print. Time was when *The Principia* would have scorned, as the shabbiest of political trickery, the attempt to bolster up a Presidential candidate by such means. Think of it! a "Radical Abolition" candidate for President, whose friends find it necessary to counteract the effect of his public acts and words by reports of what he says behind the stairs but dares not say openly to the world!

So long as Gen. Fremont indulges the hope of being nominated at Chicago, he will of course attempt to retain his hold on anti-slavery men only by irresponsible private assurances that, in spite of his coquetry with the Copperheads, he is "all right." What he will do after he has been rejected at Chicago remains to be seen. We shall not be surprised if he comes out with new and flaming professions of Radicalism, and affects to repel as a slander the assertion that he ever expected or desired a Democratic nomination! His only hope *then* of helping the Copperheads to a triumph will depend upon the agility with which he can change his position and cover the tracks he is now making. Public declarations may then take the place of private assurances with perfect safety; indeed, they will be a necessary means of dividing the Union party.

The Principia, while attempting to put the best possible face upon the nomination of Gen. Fremont, neither accepts nor repudiates that of Gen. Cochrane! Why is this? Gen. Fremont himself has evinced no repugnance to the nomination of Gen. Cochrane, and they must be regarded as "twin-cherries on one stem." If *The Principia* is ashamed of Cochrane, why is it not also ashamed of Fremont for consenting to be thus allied with him? Truly, the mysteries of "the only sound anti-slavery party" are hard to penetrate!

THE FREEDMAN'S CAUSE IN ENGLAND.

THAT our readers may see what some of our English friends are saying of American affairs at the present time, and also what they are purposing to do in behalf of the freed people here, we copy the following from late Birmingham papers. The first is from *The Gazette* of July 9th, the other from *The Post* of the 7th. The "Mr. Coffin" referred to is our well-known anti-slavery friend of Cincinnati, Levi Coffin, whose long years of devotion to the slave's cause and wonderfully successful labors in his behalf need no comment at our hands:

THE FREEDMEN OF AMERICA.

SIR: Your correspondent, who calls himself "An American Baptist Clergyman and an Uncompromising Abolitionist," is quite right in saying that Mr. Coffin, in his address on the subject of the freedmen in America, omitted to show, while the aged and decrepit, the women and children of the slave population, were thrown on the government and the benevolent for support, what had become of the able-bodied men, and why they had not supported those who naturally were dependent upon them.

After saying Mr. Coffin distinctly stated that his object from the first in dealing with the blacks had been to alleviate their distress, without inquiring whether they had brought it upon themselves; whether it was not the duty of some one else to relieve them, or to what sect or party they belonged, I will endeavor to supply the omission—if it can, after this explanation, be called an omission. The able-bodied slaves had been, to some considerable extent, employed by the rebels in assisting the armies in throwing up fortifications and intrenchments, and as teamsters and servants, and consequently were away from their homes, while such as had not been so employed were driven from the plantations into the interior whenever and wherever the liberating armies approached, leaving, in most cases, the helpless to shift for themselves as they best could. The able-bodied men who were fortunate enough to escape from slavery, have been set to work on the plantations, enjoying for themselves and their dependents the fruits of their labors, or have been employed by the Federal government, or enlisted as soldiers, in which capacities they have had good wages and bounties; and now, by a recent Act of Congress, they are placed in those respects on the same footing as the white soldiers; consequently, if these do not contribute of their wages toward the support of their women and children, it is because they lack filial affection, and is in no wise the fault of the government. It is, however, not so. The family and social ties are remarkably strong in this much-abused people; the manifestation of it often putting to shame the assumption of the whites to superiority in these respects.

One like Mr. Coffin, who has relieved above three thousand persons in their pilgrimage from slavery at his own private cost, and who has crossed the Atlantic at his own expense, without the prospect of any fee or reward, save that of the satisfaction of benefiting his fellow-creatures, may well bear the scoffs of one who, though he assumes the designation of an Abolitionist, may, for aught that is known, never have lifted a finger toward enabling a slave to procure his freedom; and Mr. Coffin may pity, if not despise, the man who, under the appellation of "Abolitionist" and "Christian Minister," prostitutes both characters in endeavoring to impede the flow of charity; and while the Abolitionists and Christians of America, and their chosen rulers, are straining every nerve to give freedom to the blacks, and to emancipate them forever from the accursed slavery in which the wretched and thrice damnable cupidity of the whites has heretofore held them, finds no better employment than that of villifying them and attempting to stop their progress, by repeating the stale calumnies of the slaveholding rebels and the slaveholding rebel sympathizers of the North. Mr. Coffin would say, but for his native mildness and that of the sect to which he belongs, "Away with these spurious designations; doff the lion's skins which you have assumed, and stand before the world in your own native character." S. A. GODDARD.

July 7th.

From the other paper we take all which relates to the subject of the Freedmen:

THE FREEDMEN'S AID ASSOCIATION.

SIR: With reference to the proposition to send a ship load of articles for the use of the freedmen in America, a doubt has been raised as to whether or not the American government would remit the duties on such articles. There need in no case be more than the shadow of a doubt, but I have received a letter from America this day, assuring me that the duties would be remitted. So far, this is satisfactory; but there is a mistaken apprehension with respect to the effect that the levying of duties would have, it being supposed that it would subtract from the value of the contribution. Not so. If the articles are adapted to the wants of the negroes, or for sale in the market, a duty of 50 per cent., for instance, raises the value of every pound's worth of goods to thirty shillings; and therefore, after paying the duty of ten shillings, and other charges, whatever they may be, as all such would be an addition to the value—twenty shillings—there would still remain clear as a free gift twenty shillings. On the other hand, if the duty of 50 per cent. be remitted, and the other charges of importation—say carriage, shipping charges, outside packages and freight—all of which may be reckoned on bulky goods at 25 per cent., be avoided, then the gift of every pound, in useful or saleable goods, will be equivalent to a gift to the freedmen of thirty-five shillings; that is to say, 75 per cent. added to the pound. Hence it will be seen that it is more desirable to send goods than money; but care should be taken that the goods are especially adapted to the use of the negroes, or for sale. For the latter purpose, highly ornamental articles, and articles of "vertu," would be most desirable; because these would be put into a bazaar, or other prominent place of sale, to be sold as the "free gifts from England to the freedmen"; and would in many instances bring much more than their value. While about expressing this view, the letter before alluded to comes in, and I find in it the very same suggestions. In this letter ornamented china and glass ware, and fine cutlery, are mentioned as articles that would sell well, and command, on such an occasion, almost fabulous prices.

While on this subject, I would mention that it will be desirable to avoid expenses on the goods that may be sent, so far as possible. Carriers may be found who will take the goods without charge; merchants may be found at Liverpool and London who will ship the goods free of any charge whatever; and the agents of the lines of packets at Liverpool and London will each appropriate ten cubic tons of room upon each of their packets respectively, free.

FUNERAL OF JOHN HOPPER.

From The Evening Post, July 23.

THE funeral of the late JOHN HOPPER took place yesterday afternoon at the Third Unitarian Church, and was attended by a large number of persons who had known and esteemed him. Rev. O. B. Frothingham delivered a eulogy upon his character and virtues.

Mr. Frothingham introduced his remarks by saying that he had never been called to a sadder service, yet had he never come to one with more serene faith, unclouded hope and entire satisfaction. Only a week ago he saw Mr. Hopper, and never did he seem stronger, more cheerful, more affectionate, more full of interest in all that was going on in the social world. But his death was not premature, for there is nothing premature with Providence. He had always wished to go as he had gone, and for some years past had been ready. He often spoke to his friends of the duty of always being ready for this change. But it was hard to believe that such a man would meet with sudden death, a man so intense, so full of energy, so restless, so impatient, doing everything that was required of him and a thousand-fold more. Go to him for advice, ask him for a small favor, and he was ready to confer a great obligation without thinking of it. He had no end of honor for the man who was sincere and independent in his actions, and no end of scorn and antipathy for everything that interfered with the free action of the individual. He hated exclusiveness, narrowness, prejudice, and monopolies; he abhorred slavery with all the power of his impetuous nature, and believed that the present conflict was the conflict of every man, woman and child in the land. He had a subtle power of seeing into men and their motives, which saved him from vital error in the bestowment of his gifts.

At the conclusion of the exercises the coffin, which was covered with wreaths and festoons of flowers, was carried from before the pulpit outside the church, and placed immediately in the wooden case. It was deposited in the hearse at once; the funeral cortege formed and drove to Greenwood, where the remains were buried beside those of his father, the late Isaac T. Hopper

THE SOLDIERS' HOME AT VICKSBURG.

LETTER FROM MRS. F. D. GAGE.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

I HAVE a volume of thought on hand for your readers, but to transfer it from my brain to paper on a day when the elements are well nigh melting with fervent heat, when the birds actually pant upon the tree-tops, and men and beasts upon the streets faint and fail as they go, seems impossible. Then another difficulty arises: with a whole volume on hand, how shall I cull a page? Your readers are fastidious; used to the best, they would not be satisfied with common doings. What would they care if I were to tell them how gallantly a dozen steamers rounded the point from above and entered our port last evening, loaded with cavalry from Memphis, and going *we don't know where?* Would they be any better pleased if I were to describe this Soldiers' Home, in which I have been sojourning for two weeks, where our brave men, and some that are not brave, perchance, enter in and are cheered and comforted with the nicest of cistern water and clean towels, and if they are travel-stained and dusty, with clean clothes; where good meals are provided and set before them in halls as pure and neat as need be; where at night good beds, with snow white pillows, in rooms ample and airy, are furnished; where every floor and window is kept without spot or blemish; and whence, when they are rested, they are sent on with a prayer and a cheer to their duty? Would they like to know how the furloughed soldier, whose physician testifies that he must go North to save life, fares? Will they step to the door of that sick room and see the snowy beds and musquito bars, on the first floor, too? And do you see them tottering in? "I've been furloughed and must wait for a boat; I may get off to-day—I may have to wait two or three days—I am very weak—have little money—don't know where to go."

Can you hear the cheery welcome he gets from our Hattie (our dear *Hattie Wiswall, niece of Owen Lovejoy—sure you ought to hear, for such "kind words that never die" ought never to cease to echo), as she leads him into this great secesh parlor, now our soldiers' sick-room, and bids him lie down and rest, while she prepares the cooling draught, and sends Sam or Bob to bring the water to bathe the weary feet? Saints wash the feet of the wayfarer in these days, down here. Listen! do you hear him? "I have been sick three months, six months, or a year—never was sick before—weighed two hundred when I left Michigan or Ohio—now I am all wasted away—going home to see if I can't recruit—I am about 'winked out' here. (Strange how many 'gin-out' sayings the soldier gets up to avoid saying he is going to die.) I am sorry to make you so much trouble, but"—and then out comes the sweaty handkerchief, and his eyes somehow grow dim—I suppose the light through the white curtains is dazzling—and then he stammers—"this looks like home." Shall I tell how those fifty tired men that came in yesterday and are going on to-day dined and slept, and how the old Irishman came at leaving to say to me, "And sure, mistress, I'm ready to pay ye's before we go." "Nothing to pay," said I; "this is the Soldiers' Home, where all our boys are as welcome as sunshine is to flowers." "Och, but that's ilegant, sure; I was thinking like my intertainment—and its niver a better I've found—would take all my cash." "Och, Sandy McCree, d'ye hear? it's a Soldiers' Home it is, and niver a cint to pay for all we got; dinners and beds, and medicine and grog, all thrown in"; and he trudged away, rejoicing greatly.

Shall I tell of the hundreds that sometimes come and find welcome and room; of the regiments that ask help for their sick; of the bottles of cordial, the canned fruit, krout, potatoes, oysters, etc., that go out; shirts, sheets, pants, and I know not what, that aid the suffering in the tents? Shall I tell you of the well-behaved "contraband" servants, who under the guidance of the managers, make all the wheels move so gently and truly? Every one a slave but the other day—now an efficient self-sustaining free man or woman.

Shall I tell you of the schools for Freedmen that I have visited; of that Freedmen's Hospital, established in the old secesh tavern of famous memory in other days—the "Prentiss House"—now filled with those who need the kindly hand of charity to alleviate their woes? Ah! it would be a long chapter that, should I portray it as it was in the Spring—the neglect and cruelty of those who had it then in charge, and its bettered condition now.

No, no—it's no use; the weather is too hot, and I am too—I may as well out with it—I am too lazy. Besides, there goes the bell, and as I look up from my paper I see fifty poor soldiers filing into the dining hall beneath my window, to sit down to tables covered with white cloths, white dishes, good bread, sweet dried fruit, soup, beans, potatoes, pickles and krout, to be followed or accompanied by tea or coffee, as they may choose. Not one was here two hours ago, not one will be here, perchance, to-morrow; and I, staying here to fill a gap, must go and do my part, and if ever the time comes, I may write out some of the chapters to which I have here given only the headings; for, let me tell you, there are chapters to write—good ones—oh! so overflowing with love and mercy—and others again so full of wrong and outrage to the soldier, the freedman, the refugee, and even to the government, that one is almost at a loss to know whether the saints or sinners predominate. But God is good, and his mercy endureth forever, and every day seems to be bringing light out of darkness, order out of chaos, and love out of hate. So, God bless you and your readers with patience to await the coming. FRANCES D. GAGE.

Vicksburg, July 6.

P. S.—This Soldiers' Home—and I never found one better—is kept up by the Western Sanitary Commission.

*Hattie Wiswall, of Princeton, Ill., now matron of the Soldiers' Home, Vicksburg.

CARPENTER'S PICTURE.—F. B. Carpenter's great picture of the First Reading of the Emancipation Proclamation is now completed and on exhibition in the East Room of the White House. Three thousand people are said to have visited it on Monday last. It elicits universal praise. It will be brought to New York very soon.

A VOICE OF ENCOURAGEMENT FROM ENGLAND.

THE following resolutions, moved by Mr. Thomas H. Barker and seconded by Mr. J. C. Edwards, were unanimously adopted on the 4th of July by the Executive of the Union and Emancipation Society of Manchester, and forwarded to the President of the United States.

1. That the Executive of the Union and Emancipation Society, in meeting specially convened on this 4th day of July, 1864, desire to record their profound gratitude to Almighty God for the vast progress and signal success attending the great struggle for freedom and nationality by the loyal citizens of the Federal Republic of America.

2. That they heartily rejoice in the just Nemesis that has recently overtaken the piratical rebel steamer Alabama, built for gain by an English shipbuilder, in an English port, in evasion of statute law, in defiance of all the claims of political neutrality, international good faith, and commercial honor; that they also record their devout thankfulness that, through the persistent and successful interposition of the British government, the rebel steam rams have been prevented from entering upon their intended career in aid of the slaveholders' confederacy.

3. That this Executive are not unmindful of the horrors of warfare, even when conducted under those military rules and limitations adopted by civilized belligerents; but that they have been intensely shocked by the ruthless and barbarous massacres by the Confederates at Fort Pillow and elsewhere, when the chances of war gave them unchecked power over their captives; and especially do they execrate the systematic and cold-blooded cruelty towards the Federal prisoners at Richmond.

4. That they have received with profound satisfaction the glad tidings that the Fugitive Slave law has been repealed by Congress, believing that this just though somewhat tardy act marks another step in the progress of legislation on the subject of slavery; and that it but anticipates and assures the speedy passage of that crowning act of justice, by which slavery shall be made forever impossible under the Federal Constitution.

5. That they rejoice exceedingly in the great and significant fact of the unanimous and enthusiastic renomination by the National Union Convention of Abraham Lincoln for the Presidency of the United States, and his acceptance of the said nomination with its noble platform of advanced anti-slavery principles, including the amendment of the Constitution, so as utterly and forever to exclude and exterminate the system of human bondage from every foot of territory beneath the Federal flag.

6. That they earnestly believe that the great bulk of the people of the United Kingdom, so far as their knowledge of the facts of the case enables them to form an intelligent opinion in respect to the merits of the struggle now going on in the United States, fully and deeply sympathize with the loyal citizens and soldiers in their patriotic efforts to suppress the most wicked and reckless rebellion of which history has any record.

7. That this Executive pray for the speedy establishment of the great American republic, on the firm and lasting foundation of justice and freedom, union and peace. (Signed) J. H. ESTCOURT, Chairman.

THE WATERLOO MEETING OF "FRIENDS OF HUMAN PROGRESS."

PETERBORO, N. Y., July 20, 1864.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

DEAR SIR: I noticed, a few weeks since, some account of the Waterloo meeting of "Friends of Human Progress," written, I infer, by Mr. A. M. Powell. I had expected a full report of that meeting from the Secretaries in THE STANDARD, but as it does not appear, will you permit me, as one of the actors in it, to say a word *unsaid* by Mr. Powell?

In the first place, I enter my protest against the publication of a partial and one-sided report, as I regard the one alluded to to be. Nearly all the printed resolves were, I believe, from Mr. Powell's pen, and of course reflected his views, but not necessarily those of the meeting to any greater extent than others adopted by an equally decided vote. Although not honored with a place on the Business Committee, many of the resolves of the meeting were from my hand, though only one of them appears in the letter of Mr. Powell. Resolutions on Religion, Marriage, and Dress Reform were unanimously adopted by the meeting, but *not published*. Again, Mr. Powell's report does not notice the fact—a *shameful fact*—that a resolution declaring it to be the duty of the nation to put down the rebellion by force and arms was laid on the table by the concurrence and help of prominent speakers (Stephen S. Foster, and H. L. Green, Esq.) who had just returned from the Cleveland Convention, where they helped nominate a candidate for the Presidency who was to be *more efficient* and thorough in prosecuting the war than the present incumbent! Neither does the report notice the equally shameful fact, that the Chairman refused to allow a vote to be taken on a resolution something like the one laid on the table, on the ground that it was Sunday, and the meeting was not accustomed to act on resolutions on that day. The vote to lay on the table was taken late Saturday evening, after the meeting was mostly broken up, and therefore leading Reformers in the neighborhood wished a more full expression; but this was denied them, and the meeting declared adjourned, though the "noes" seemed to about equal the "ayes" on the question of adjournment. Neither does Mr. Powell's letter reveal the still *more shameful fact* that the Chairman of the meeting declared in his place that, though he was *not* a non-resistant, and believed in civil government, yet he "had not lifted a finger to help put down the rebellion, and did not intend to do so." Putting all these things together, I think your readers must see that they have had anything but a fair report of that meeting. The Secretaries' report would be desirable, to many readers, even at this late date. C. A. H.

PEACE CORRESPONDENCE.—The following letter, not included in the original publication of the Peace Correspondence which we have copied on the first page, ought, in justice to Mr. Greeley, to appear with it:

INTERNATIONAL HOTEL, NIAGARA FALLS,
Wednesday, July 20, 1864.

In leaving the Falls I feel bound to state that I have had no intercourse with the Confederate gentlemen at the Clinton House *but such as I was fully authorized to hold by the President of the United States, and that I have done nothing in the premises but in fulfilment of his injunctions.* The notes, therefore, which you have interchanged between those gentlemen and myself can in no case subject you to the imputation of unauthorized dealing with public enemies. HORACE GREELEY.

To W. C. JEWETT, Esq.

We infer from the correspondence (for we have no knowledge on the subject derived from any other source) that the self-appointed Confederate agents, through Mr. Sanders and Mr. Jewett, contrived to make the impression on Mr. Greeley's mind that they were duly authorized to make propositions of peace; that Mr. Greeley, having swallowed the bait so cunningly prepared for him, sought and obtained leave of the President to go to Niagara Falls, and if he should find the rebel agents acting in good faith, to escort them to Washington. He found, however, on opening a correspondence with the said agents, that they were self-appointed, and therefore he could not escort them to Washington without additional authority from the President. In answer to his application for such authority, he received the President's address "To whom it may concern," which brought the negotiations abruptly to a close. We do Mr. Greeley and the President the justice to believe that neither of them would have taken a single step in the case but for the impression that Messrs. Clay and Holcombe were duly appointed agents of the Confederacy. Mr. Greeley, himself deceived by Sanders and Jewett, misled the President, with what result the public well know. It was a scheme contrived doubtless by Sanders and his friends, in the hope of making capital for the Copperhead Democracy in the coming election. It is a pity that Mr. Greeley did not see through it at once, and treat them with silent contempt, instead of offering himself as a mediator between them and the President.

THE HERALD OF PROGRESS, we regret to say, has been suspended, the great increase in the cost of paper, labor, etc., compelling the publishers to take a step alike painful to their subscribers and to themselves. It has been conducted (by A. J. Davis, Mary F. Davis, and C. M. Plumb—mainly, we suppose, by the latter) not only with great ability and industry, but with remarkable fairness towards opponents. In some important respects it was indeed a model paper, and we believe it exerted a healthful as well as potent influence upon its readers. While it was an earnest champion of Spiritualism, it bore a faithful testimony against the blind credulity and folly so frequently associated therewith. Its independence in this particular was no doubt an obstacle to its pecuniary success. Mr. and Mrs. Davis will carry with them, in their retirement from editorial labors, the good wishes of numerous friends; while Mr. Plumb will, we trust, find ample support for the new periodical, the monthly "Friend of Progress," which he proposes to issue on or before the first of November.

Our Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, July 24, 1864.

THE rebel invasion will very likely drive Mr. Stanton from the Cabinet, unless he has sufficient tenacity of purpose to cling to his place in the teeth of all obstacles thrown in his way by the Blair family. It is no longer Blair *versus* Chase, but Blair *versus* Stanton, and with a fair prospect that the Postmaster-General will triumph. As I have stated heretofore in this correspondence, Mr. Blair has a deeper hold upon the President than any other member of his Cabinet. It is difficult to account for the fact, but it *is* a fact. Mr. Seward is an accomplished *diplomát*, and there was never a chance that Mr. Lincoln would desire him to leave the Cabinet. He never has had a quarrel with the President, and never will, for he understands too well the dangers attending a "misunderstanding" with Mr. Lincoln. But at the same time there is no real intimacy between the two men. Mr. Seward is cold in temperament, and Mr. Lincoln is warm-hearted. One is a practiced and polished politician—the other an uneducated but shrewd Western man. There are few sympathies between them, and Mr. Seward has influence over his chief simply as a politician or as a diplomatist, and not as a personal friend. Blair's strength is that of an intimate friend. Mr. Lincoln likes him, rides with him, talks with him. Mr. Blair flatters him, not coarsely, perhaps, but he persuades the President that his popularity is so great that he can safely defy any clique of politicians, and pursue almost any course that may seem to be right. There is considerable truth in this, but Mr. Blair's influence over the President unquestionably is mischievous. He has a very strong hold upon the President, but Mr. Stanton is a man of tremendous energy, and he will not easily be shaken from his position.

Unfortunately for the Secretary of War he has committed many blunders, as such impulsive men always do. He has contrived to make decisions which have offended many of his best friends. Two recent decisions of the War Department violate common sense as well as justice. A drafted man puts in an Englishman as his substitute for three years. The substitute could not have been drafted by any authority, National or State, into the military service. Yet, according to the War Department, the President has a right to call *again* upon this man for three months' service. The decision is a piece of reckless injustice. Then again with the hundred days men; it is but fair that men who will *volunteer* to enter the service even for a hundred days should gain rather than lose by it. It would be fair to say that such men, being in the service, should be exempt from draft *under the present call*. The War Department says no to their request, and an issue is raised at once with Gov. Seymour. Mr. Stanton will find that in a quarrel with the Blairs his unpopularity will be used to great advantage against him.

The military situation certainly improves, and this is advantageous to Mr. Stanton personally, as it is to the President. Gen. Sherman is doing finely, and Gen. Grant is expected very soon to accomplish something at Petersburg. His mines will doubtless be exploded before this letter is in print. Such was the expectation at City Point three days ago, and there can be little doubt that Gen. Grant is about ready to make a fresh attempt upon Petersburg. It is expected here that there will be no necessity for a resort to a draft next September, except in two or three States. It is believed that nearly all the States will have filled the quotas assigned to them by the first day of September. There are about 350,000 troops to be raised under the last call, and it is safe to estimate that 250,000 will be in the service by the first of September. Gen. Grant can easily divert to his own use 100,000 of these men, and if he is expeditious he can hurl a new army upon the enemy before the weather puts an end to military operations for the present year. The only road to peace is through military measures, and it is exceedingly important that something decisive should be gained before November. I would not distrust the people, but there would doubtless be some doubt respecting the result of the Presidential election if Gen. Grant wins no victory and a feeling of discouragement pervade the loyal States. The best way is to make certain of the right result by giving to Gen. Grant sufficient men to win a victory in the early Autumn. AVON.

THE RIGHT SPIRIT.—Rev. Sella Martin, now Pastor of the Shiloh Presbyterian Church, in this city, writing to *The Liberator*, says:

"I can understand how Mr. Phillips, the brightest ornament and one of the ablest supporters of our cause—I can understand how he and all who follow him should see danger in your (Mr. Garrison's) course, and safety in theirs. But I cannot understand how sincere, earnest men, who have worked together for years, cherishing among themselves every diversity of opinion, should now, of all other times, when they have almost got the lead of things, when their policy is becoming more and more that of the nation, endanger their general success by forsaking one another. If an Abolitionist takes a dangerous course, who is more likely or bound to see him through it, or help him out of it, should he fail, than a brother Abolitionist? I am for Mr. Lincoln against Copperheadism, as threatened in a coalition with Mr. Fremont; but I am not for Mr. Garrison against Mr. Phillips. As a negro, I am for the man whose party and policy have given us a free Capital, a Confiscation law, and a proclamation of Freedom, as against the man who, with honest enough intentions, expects to drive out devils by Beelzebub. But as an Abolitionist, I am for all Abolitionists—for Phillips's noble nature and stern moral integrity, and for Garrison with the same qualities, in conjunction with what I believe to be a better political judgment of things as they now stand."

HARD TIMES.—An orthodox clergyman in New England sends us money to pay for THE STANDARD up to the present time, and says:

"I regret to say that I shall have to ask you to erase my name from your list of subscribers. For seven years I have been a subscriber and reader of THE STANDARD, and have received much pleasure and instruction from its pages. But now, having just the same salary that I had before the war, while the prices of most things have been doubled, I find I am compelled to cut down my expenditures in every direction. You may judge how much I esteem THE STANDARD, when I tell you that I have already held on to it after parting with three denominational and several literary papers, a year ago. Now, however, I am compelled to ask you to discontinue the paper."

We shall comply with the request of our friend with very deep regret. If any Society which sends THE STANDARD gratuitously to persons who value, while they are unable to pay for it, is willing to add the name of this faithful clergyman to its list, we shall be glad to communicate his name.

CENSUS OF 1860.—We have received, under the frank of Hon. Charles Sumner, a quarto volume, of 694 pages, with the following title: "Population of the United States in 1860; compiled from the original returns of the eighth Census, under the direction of the Secretary of the Interior, by JOSEPH G. KENNEDY, Superintendent of Census." It includes the returns of population, classified in a manner to illustrate its various relations and afford easy comparison with the past. It is much better printed than books published by the government usually are. Among the errata we find this amusing item: "Pp. 499 667, 'Occupations in Vermont,' lathmakers, 416, should read 'lawyers, 416.'"

LINCOLN, GRANT, HANCOCK.—Derby and Miller, 5 Spruce st., have just published portraits—engraved on steel by the celebrated artist, Ritchie from photographs by Brady—of President Lincoln, Lieut.-Gen. Grant, and Major-Gen. Hancock. They are of imperial size, and not only admirable as works of art, but capital likenesses of the originals—that of the President especially. The size for framing is uniform, 14 x 18 inches. The price is $1 each, and copies will be sent by mail or express, safely packed, free of charge, on receipt of price.

THE CONTINENTAL MONTHLY for August.—*Contents*:—American Civilization, by Lieut. Egbert Phelps, U. S. A.; Aphorisms, by Rev. Asa S. Colton; The English Press, by Nicholas Rowe, London; Our Martyrs, by Kate Putnam; Ænone, Chapters X. and XI; The First Christian Emperor, by Rev. Dr. Philip Schaff; Causes of the Minnesota Massacre, by January Searle; Buried Alive, a Dirge, by Martha Walker Cook; Negro Troops, by H. Everett Russell; Colors and their Meaning, by Mrs. M. E. G. Gage; Battle of the Wilderness, by E. A. Warriner; Tardy Truths, by H. K. Kalussowski; An Army, its Organization and Movements, by Lieut.-Col. C. W. Tolles, A. Q. M.; Literary Notices; Editor's Table.

New York: John F. Trow, 50 Greene st.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for August opens with a eulogy of Charles Reade by Harriet E. Prescott. George W. Green tells us "How Rome is Governed." "What will become of them?" is the title of a story by J. T. Trowbridge, of which we have the first part only. In "Headquarters of Beer-Drinking" Andrew Ten Brook gives an account of Bavaria in its relations to Beer. "Spiridion" contributes several pages of gossip under the title "Literary Life in Paris." "Economy" is the subject of Mrs. Stowe's "House and Home" paper. G. M. Towle contributes a paper entitled "Our Recent Foreign Relations," and A. M. Diaz the story of "The Little Country Girl." The poems are by T. B. Aldrich, J. G. Holland, Longfellow, and an anonymous writer. Boston: Ticknor and Fields.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY, AT ITS THIRD DECADE [thirty years from its formation], held in the city of Philadelphia, Dec. 3d and 4th, 1863, with an appendix, and a Catalogue of Anti-Slavery Publications in America, from 1750 to 1863. An octavo pamphlet, of 175 pages. Just published, and for sale at the Anti-Slavery offices, 48 Beekman st., New York; 106 North Tenth st., Philadelphia; and 221 Washington st., Boston. Price, *Fifty Cents*. On receipt of this sum, a copy will be sent, postage prepaid, to any given address.

Chronicles of the War.

Latest News in Brief.

GEN. SHERMAN'S MOVEMENTS.

On the 17th, Gen. Sherman compelled the rebel forces to retreat within their fortifications at Atlanta. He also succeeded in cutting the enemy's most important railroad communications. On the 18th, the rebel Gen. Joe. Johnson, was superseded by Gen. Hood. On the 20th, the enemy assaulted Sherman's lines three times with great fury and were repulsed with severe loss. Sherman finally succeeded in capturing the first line of the defenses of Atlanta, and partially invested the city. On Friday 22d, a great battle was fought before Atlanta, resulting in a horrible slaughter and complete defeat of the enemy at every point. The rebels, holding the largest part of the city, assaulted our works with great fury, evidently expecting to drive our forces out of the city. Gen. McPherson, one of the best commanders in the whole Union army, was killed. There has been no fighting since the battle of the 22d. Sherman is investing the city. Hood shows no signs of evacuating, and a severe struggle is evidently at hand.

GEN. GRANT'S OPERATIONS.

The usual degree of quiet prevailed at last advices along the lines of Gen. Grant's army; but we are indebted to a rebel who writes to *The Richmond Whig* for the information that our forces are undermining Petersburg.

NORTHERN INVASION.

We have reports of a serious disaster to our forces in the Shenandoah valley. Gen. Averill had a successful encounter with Early's forces near Winchester on the 20th, but the latter was subsequently reënforced, and Averill was compelled to fall back to Harper's Ferry, bringing with him the forces at Bunker's Hill, and causing also the evacuation of Martinsburg. Gen. Averill is reported killed. There is much excitement in Maryland and Pennsylvania, fears of another rebel raid being prevalent.

ORDER OF RETALIATION.

Major-General Washburne, commanding in West Tennessee, has an order by which he hopes to suppress the assaults of guerillas upon railroad trains between Memphis and Saulsbury—assaults which are approved and encouraged by rebel sympathizers along the line of the road. Maj.-Gen. Washburne says:

"It is ordered that forty of the most prominent and bitter secessionists in and between Memphis and Lagrange, be arrested, and that twenty of them each day be placed upon cars in a most exposed position, one being placed each side of the engine; and no train will be allowed to leave Memphis without a special guard, until this murderous business is desisted from."

It is known that several citizens of Memphis have publicly applauded this firing upon trains. They will be given a prominent place in the cars. Quarters will be fitted up for them at White Station, where they will be tenderly cared for when not on duty on trains.

RECRUITING IN REBEL STATES.

Gov. Andrew is determined that Massachusetts shall have the full benefit of the law permitting recruiting in the rebel States. He has appointed State agents for Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Florida, Georgia and Alabama; and Gardner Tufts, State agent at Washington, has been appointed Provost-Marshal of Massachusetts for this service. He is to be assisted in his duties by A. P. Dunlap, of Washington.

The Army and the Negroes.

"EVERYWHERE THE AMERICAN GENERAL RECEIVES HIS MOST USEFUL AND RELIABLE INFORMATION FROM THE NEGRO, *who hails his coming as the harbinger of Freedom*."—*Wm. H. Seward's Official Dispatch to Mr. Adams.*

REBEL BRUTALITY AND NORTHERN PREJUDICE.

Near Petersburg, July 7.—Day and night, night and day, the contest goes on in front of the 9th and 18th corps. The 5th and 2d and 6th are quiet. The enemy shows no disposition to keep up a constant picket fire upon those corps. Why this discrimination? Because in the 9th and 18th corps there are colored troops. That is the reason. They are determined to maintain bitter hostility toward the colored troops, and toward all who are immediately connected with them. It is systematic hostility—ingrained, bitter, revengeful, relentless. They show no mercy toward a colored man found in arms. They will not recognize him as a prisoner of war, neither as an enemy toward whom they are to be lenient in the least degree. Long ago slavery proclaimed that the colored man had no rights which a white man is bound to respect. They carry out the infamous opinion of the time-serving judges who pronounced it. For the colored soldier there is nothing but victory or death—death in its horrible forms—murder, slaughter, massacre!

There are about thirty killed and wounded every twenty-four hours in the Ninth Corps, simply because the rebels hate the colored troops. There is a steady flow of blood upon the ground—a constant sacrifice of life, a mangling of men by this Moloch of our own generation. It pains me to say that there are those in the army and out of it, who are not willing that the colored man should be recognized as a man.

"The negroes ought not to be allowed to fight," said a Massachusetts captain last night.

"Why not, sir?"

"Because the rebels hate us for making them soldiers!" was the reply.

He added, "I don't know but that they have souls, but I look upon them as a lower order of beings than ourselves!"

The old prejudice remains. We are not willing to do justly. We are not ready as a nation to recognize the negro as a man. We ask him to fight our battles, but we pay him only half wages.

The rebels slaughter the colored troops like sheep. They are deaf to calls of quarter, refusing to receive them as prisoners of war. They outrival the Indians in barbarity, but nothing is done about it. We are losing an average of thirty soldiers a day for no other reasons than these; because the rebels hate the negro, and because our government is too pusillanimous to take measures severe enough to command respect from the rebels for colored troops.—"*Carleton*," *in Boston Journal.*

MASSACRE OF COLORED TROOPS BY THE REBELS.

Dr. H. O. Marcy, surgeon of the Thirty-fifth regiment of United States colored troops, writes to the Boston *Journal* as follows:

"So frequently have I been asked the question, during my leave of absence home, by the leading citizens of Boston and vicinity, 'How did the enemy treat the wounded colored troops who fell into their hands at the battle of Olustee, Fla.?' that I am led to believe that the truth is not generally known.

"Owing to our rapid retreat and lack of transportation, there were left at our field hospital or depot for the wounded about one hundred colored soldiers, too severely wounded to walk. The succeeding twenty-four hours our forces fell back about forty-five miles. This rapid retreat made many of the less severely wounded unable to keep up with the column, and they were picked up by the enemy's cavalry, which followed closely upon our rear.

"We received no official report from the enemy of the wounded remaining prisoners in their hands until about six weeks after the battle. Eighteen only, of more than seventy of our regiment who were left upon the field, were reported, and those suffering from less severe wounds, who had fallen out and were taken on the retreat. The ratio of wounded reported of other colored regiments engaged was about the same. The number of killed could not be known, but it was fair to infer the proportion could not have been so great.

"Later direct and positive information has been received from several parties of prisoners as well as deserters—soldiers in the battle of Olustee and perfectly conversant with the facts—that the morning after the battle a South Carolina regiment and the Second Georgia Regulars took possession of the depot for the wounded, and not as an armed mob seeking plunder and destruction, but under orders of their officers—who with their swords actually set the example—in cold blood murdered the colored soldiers, who, wounded and helpless, lay there under the charge of an assistant surgeon, left to attend to their wants.

"It was only after repeated testimony of this character from these different sources that full credence was given to the above statements. My informants in each case were of Florida regiments. They universally lamented the facts, and stated that it was the general impression of those troops now serving in Florida, that if captured by our troops they would be denied the rights of prisoners, and suffer in retaliation for the enormities committed by their soldiers at Olustee. 'A guilty conscience needs no accuser.'

"A thrill of horror creeps over us as we 'remember Fort Pillow,' but even that has no parallel to the murdering in cold blood—for twelve hours and a night's sleep had intervened since the battle—under command of officers (themselves setting the example), of a hospital full of wounded and helpless sufferers.

"Major Bogle, of our regiment, formerly from Boston, and well known to many of her citizens, severely wounded and a prisoner, was taken, as I am informed by an eye-witness, the day following the fight, to a house in the rear, and there a guard of soldiers had to be placed about the house to prevent the mob wreaking their vengeance upon a brave and helpless soldier, whose only crime was his being an officer in a colored regiment.

"From the same authority I received information that he was reported to be in close confinement on bread and water, awaiting trial by State law, although the rebel Gen. Anderson, in command in Florida, reported by flag of truce that he had recovered and been sent to the interior. Awaiting the tardy movements of our government in affording these brave men the protection due them as soldiers of the United States army, shall we wonder and blame if some excesses are committed, and that 'Remember Fort Pillow and Olustee' become watchwords and rallying cries with our colored soldiers?"

CHANGE OF OPINION.

Near Petersburg, Va., June 30.—There has been a great change of opinion relative to the efficiency of colored troops. I hear no vile epithets applied to them. They are equals, and are treated with respect. There has been considerable romance about their fighting. One correspondent says that they kissed the cannon. I do not find, upon inquiry, that they made any such extravagant manifestations. One, I am informed, leaped upon a gun, exclaiming, "This is mine!" He had for an example "Old Put," who had a pet mortar in the siege of Boston, as Frothingham informs us in his history, if my memory serves me, though I think the sable soldier who mounted the gun as if it were a horse, never heard of the old wolf-killer's doings.—"*Carleton*," *in the Boston Journal.*

HUMANITY OF THE COLORED TROOPS.

Near Petersburg, June 30.—It has been said that the negroes take no prisoners, leaving it to be inferred that they remember Fort Pillow, and are bent on having relentless retaliation. It is not so. I have made diligent inquiry, and have yet to learn that they have in a single instance retaliated upon prisoners falling into their hands. On the contrary, Gen. Hinks informed me *that he saw two wounded colored soldiers helping a rebel wounded worse than they to the hospital!* It is evident, however, that the rebels think that they are to receive no mercy at the hands of the negroes. A guilty conscience needs no accuser. But how will it look in history—this barbarity on the one side, and this exhibition of forbearance, humanity and Christianity on the other? Which will shine brightest? It is hard to wait for the coming years—for the time when such forbearance will be appreciated. When I read of Fort Pillow, I am ready for an exhibition of vigorous Christianity—a use of the bayonet; but who does not admire the leniency and mercy of the colored troops in contrast? Little do the rebel cotton lords, who have prided themselves on their plane of civilization, comprehend their position when set against that of their slaves—slaves once, but no longer—their damning shame—their barbarism now and forever held in abhorrence. The colored men of America are making swift advance. The rebels are their best helpers just now—helping through their inhumanity.

I would not wish to have it understood that I think a negro better than a white man. God is the creator of all. They are men, and are showing their manhood, just as thousands of soldiers from New England and the whole North are doing. To make first rate soldiers they need discipline and instruction. To make good citizens they need education. They are receiving it. They have begun, and will go on. Gen. Smith, commanding the 19th corps, speaks in high praise of their conduct. "They were subjected," said he, "to a six hours' shell fire, losing constantly, and they did not flinch. I was astounded at their good behavior." This is high praise, freely accorded. CARLETON.

FREE MILITARY SCHOOL IN PHILADELPHIA.

From The Philadelphia Press.

By a wise precaution of the War Department the colored troops are ably officered. None are allowed to command them but those who have been examined and passed by a board of officers of the United States army, presided over by Maj-Gen. Silas Casey. Each applicant is "subjected to a vigorous examination as to his physical, mental, and moral fitness to command troops." The establishment of this board has furnished colored troops with officers of the highest type of excellence. The greater number of them have had large experience in active service from the commencement of the war, and have signalized themselves by skill and bravery on many well-fought battle-fields; others are graduates of our best colleges, and all are devoted to the advancement of the colored race.

The Free Military School for Applicants to command Colored Troops, No. 1210 Chestnut street, has furnished since January last *three hundred and ninety-one* officers to this branch of the service, of whom 3 are colonels, 6 are lieutenant colonels, 13 are majors, 104 are captains, 121 are first lieutenants, 144 are second lieutenants.

Prior to the establishment of this school, about fifty per cent. of all who were examined before the Board were rejected. It was no uncommon thing for lieutenants, captains, and even majors, fresh from the field, to be absolutely rejected by the board for want of the proper knowledge of tactics and regulations. *All* the candidates who have gone before the board from this school, with the exception of about six per cent., have passed and been recommended for command. It is the opinion of the highest military authorities that a similar rigid examination should be had of all candidates to command white troops, and that had such a system prevailed from the first, immense losses of life, time and treasure, would have been spared to the nation. The duty of an officer is not simply to fight and lead men into action bravely—besides these, it is to watch over the comfort and health of men, to guard and preserve government property, and to have both men and material always efficient for duty. This requires specific knowledge of tactics and army regulations, which can be acquired only by close study and practical experience. We sometimes hear our most intelligent and ambitious men of color complain that the best of their race are not allowed to take position as commissioned officers. Do they remember that the unwise and unjust inhibitions hitherto existing against the privilege of their race to train in and bear arms—now happily among the things of the past—have prevented them, ardent, loyal, and brave as they may be, from acquiring the specific knowledge which all history proves to be essential to protect and lead men into battle successfully? The most intelligent and bravest of the gallant colored soldiers now before the enemy, at Charleston and Petersburg, the sergeants, corporals, and privates, conspicuous for their merit, are learning, or have learned, the knowledge essential "to fit them to command troops," and *their* promotion, as the question of equalization of pay was a few weeks since, is but a question of time.

WAR DEMONSTRATION AT HARRISBURG.

Harrisburg, July 19, 1864.—Yesterday was a grand gala day among the colored population, particularly the female portion. It was generally understood that the brigade colored band from Camp Penn would arrive here at noon, and our dark-skinned population turned out to give them a cordial welcome. The band marched through the streets, and serenaded some of the principal citizens, discoursing tolerably good music for the length of time it has been in existence.

In the evening a grand war meeting was held in the fine, large church belonging to the Zion connection, for which purpose the band was brought here to stimulate military enthusiasm. The meeting was the largest ever held among the American citizens of African descent in this city, but scarcely productive of satisfactory results. Speeches were made by Lieut.-Col. Evens, of Camp William Penn; Rev. Mr. Nelson, of this city; Bishops Wayman and Clinton, of the African Methodist; Thomas Early, and others. After the most pressing appeals from each and all of these gentlemen, whose sentiments generally were enthusiastically received, and the inspiring music of the band to kindle martial ardor, *only twenty-one persons were induced to give in their names.* Eight of the new recruits left for Camp Penn at noon to-day. The others are expected to follow in a day or two.

The colored men of this city are willing to enter the service in the manner prescribed by law, but claim that under the militia call of Gov. Curtin they, like their white fellow-citizens, should have the selection of their own company officers, and in the absence of any law prohibiting them from commanding such organization, they are unwilling to respond unless this privilege is conceded. Probably no town in the country has a finer set of young, intelligent and industrious colored men, who can neither be bought nor blowed into the service, but who will rally in goodly numbers when they can be commanded by the inspiration of the black comrade. The request is natural and at no distant day will be granted.

In justice to the blacks it may be well to say that their objections are in no way manifest against the arrangements for the three years' service, but as white men, without any military knowledge, who may recruit forty men, will receive, under the one hundred days' call, a captain's commission, they claim that it is unjust to demand of them, under the circumstances, a martial education.—*Philadelphia Press.*

A NOVEL NEWSPAPER.

CARROLLTON, LA., June 6, 1864,
CAMP PARAPET, 14th N. H. VOLS.

MR. GARRISON—*Dear Sir:* I enclose to you a newspaper gotten up entirely by colored soldiers. The commander of the regiment (Col. Viall) has a small press and a collection of type for printing regimental orders. The soldiers, unassisted by any of the white officers, got up this paper, and printed it in the regiment with the type and press that I mentioned above. This explains the variety of type used. It also shows the inclination of colored people, when they have a chance, of using their brains in freedom. I take the liberty of sending you this paper, knowing that all evidence in favor of this down-trodden race is gratifying to you. My husband is Colonel of the N. H. Vols. He has had several regiments under his command since coming into this Department, and none have given him more satisfaction for good soldierly conduct than the "Black Warriors." They are all eager to learn, and Col. Viall has a school in his regiment for all to attend when off duty, which they do in preference to going away from camp. Col. Wilson is surprised at the intelligence, good behavior and progress of the negro, although he has been a "horrid Abolitionist" for years, and our white regiment (the 14th N. H.) are Abolitionists. When we first left N. H., there were 280 Democrats in the regiment, real negro-haters. When we all went home on a furlough, last March, we had only nine—a few had died, and the rest had been converted! Our men go on duty with negro soldiers as cheerfully and freely as with white soldiers of other regiments; and I think they like the negroes better than they do the white troops of this and other Southern States. New England boys don't like half-way loyalty.

Very respectfully, MRS. R. H. WILSON.

The number sent to us is a truly unique sheet and a typographical curiosity. We make the following extract from its editorial columns:

"It is the aim of this paper to promote discipline and good order in our camps; to incite the soldier in that efficiency which is the result of a thorough knowledge of his duty; to raise the status of the colored troops, by proving their capability of appreciating, perceiving and defending the principles of liberty, either by pen or sword; to sustain our government, under whose banner we have enlisted, by moral as well as physical force, and to war against copperheads and traitors."—*Liberator.*

GOING BACK.

Harrisburg, July 14.—During the excitement created by the raid, the American citizens of African descent, from the Cumberland Valley, came to this city in large numbers, leaving in such haste that they hardly brought with them the necessary comforts which the circumstances required. These are all satisfied that there is no longer any cause for fear, and are now crowding the cars in returning up the valley. The experience of last year still lives vividly in the recollection of these poor people—that their friends and relatives, free-born Pennsylvanians, were seized by the advancing rebels, chained like cattle, driven beyond the Potomac, and reduced to slavery. No similar misfortune will again overtake them, if they have any intimation of the advance of the enemy.—*Philadelphia Press.*

20,000 NEGROES ENLISTED IN KENTUCKY.

Louisville, July 19.—The *Union Press* of this city denounces the more important of Gov. Bramlette's published statements about negro enlistments as scandalously untrue in each and every particular, and brands his present course on the "negro question" as most malignant and incendiary. And the tone of his Fourth of July letter to J. W. Houx, of Urbana, Ohio, gives no hope of his change for the better. He does nothing but rail against "those in power" for the *inevitable utter demoralisation of slavery in Kentucky*, instead of charging it upon the obdurate rebels—accepting it as a *fixed fact*, and appealing to Kentuckians to *adapt themselves to the change, to do the best they can under the circumstances as practical men and patriots and well-wishers of their State.*

It seems that some 12,000 Kentucky negro men have run away and enlisted in other States, 8,000 or 9,000 enlisted in this State, and 14,000 or 15,000 able-bodied negroes remain unenlisted. Many owners are, in effect, hiring their slaves to keep them at home. Some give their negroes $2 to $2 50 a week, beside board, clothing, etc. Yet whole families of negroes are running off. Their two ruling passions are desire for freedom and hatred of secesh. They care nothing even for Adjt.-Gen. Thomas's order directing Gen. Burbridge (to whom has been transferred the organization of the colored troops in Kentucky) to receive at the various camps none but able-bodied men, to encourage all other negroes to remain at their homes, and to require them to assist in securing the crops suffering for want of labor.

This suffering is not confined to the blue-grass region. Almost all the white laboring men of the mountain district (the most unconditionally loyal portion of the State) are in the army, and the mountain men at home, even were guerillas not around, would find it almost impossible to carry on their farms.—*Cor. N. Y. Times.*

The slaves that have been enlisted in Kentucky promise to make fine soldiers. Most of them have in their veins the best white blood of the State, with enough black blood to make them intensely loyal. When we speak of the best blood of Kentucky we do not mean the blood of Southernized Yankees, such as the Louisville *Journal* editor, who during the siege of Frankfort took refuge behind crinoline. A mixture of that kind would detract from the quality of negroes as fighting men. It is fortunate for the negroes that *The Journal* man seeks the protection of white women when frightened.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

FLAG PRESENTATION.

A grand demonstration of the colored people of Memphis, Tenn., took place a few days since. The participants marched in procession, with music, and proceeding to the Soldiers' Home, presented a flag to the 2d U. S. Colored Light Artillery, Capt. Lambert. Speeches were made by Gen. Chetlan and staff. The presentation address was exceedingly well delivered by Miss Mandy Roberts, colored.

COLORED RECRUITS OF MISSOURI.

St. Louis, Tuesday, July 11, 1864.—Brig. Gen. Pell, of the colored recruits of Missouri, has been ordered to the field with a brigade of negro troops. Gen. Ewing will hereafter have charge of the negro recruiting in the State, and will prosecute the work with greater vigor than it has hitherto been done.

AN EXAMPLE TO BE FOLLOWED.

Last night we were gratified by the sight of a full regiment of armed men on their way to the front—the front which is nearer to us now than it ever has been since the war began. They marched by, to the soul-stirring music of one of our National songs, played by a full band. The scene was inspiring and full of encouragement. The regiment was composed entirely of colored men. Will not such an event stir up our white arms-bearing men to a spirit of emulation? Will they permit themselves in such a season of danger to be outdone by the sable sons of the country, who have so little at stake compared with their own great interests? White men! you who were looking on, and who were so liberal in your applause of the gallantry of the colored men, go and do likewise.—*Phila. Inq., 12th.*

THE PAY OF COLORED TROOPS.

An order has been issued from the War Department by which Paymasters are required, in July, to pay colored soldiers six months full wages, as their compensation between January and July of the present year. For the time prior to January, 1864, the question whether such volunteers are entitled to the same pay as white has been fairly presented to Attorney-General Bates. From his opinions previously given upon the same question and upon the citizenship of negroes, there is little doubt that a favorable decision for the sable-skinned warriors will be obtained—*Boston Transcript.*

RECRUITS FROM VIRGINIA.

About fifty negroes, who came from Lynchburg with Gen. Hunter's command, took a wash last night in the Ohio river. To-day they propose to enlist in the United States service. Last evening they held a prayer meeting in the Athenæum, and such a noise as they created is seldom heard in this section.—*Wheeling Intelligencer, July 11th.*

A COLORED PATRIOT.

Sergeant J. H. Harris (of the Massachusetts 54th), a respected colored citizen of Abington, writes to a friend that he has had some tough times, but thanks God that he has got through them safe and sound; and says if he lives to get home, there will be no period he shall be so proud of as the time he gave to his country for her preservation. "This, and this alone," he says, "was what I came for; and I am glad I shall have the pleasure and the great satisfaction of knowing I was one of that noble band which has helped to save this glorious country from destruction."

Summary.

A day or two ago a mob of four or five hundred Irish 'longshoremen in Chicago attacked a party of a dozen negro laborers working on a lumber dock, and compelled them to fly for their lives.

PETER ALMY, commonly called "Old Pete," a well-known colored pensioner of New Bedford, died a few days since, aged ninety years. He fought under Commodore Porter in the old Essex, and had a clear recollection of "Middy Farragut."

Barnum's fat woman, Jane Pishon, formerly exhibited as Miss Jane Campbell, died at Brookfield, Connecticut, the other day. Her exhibition weight was six hundred and eighty pounds. Ten men were required to get her into her coffin, which was so wide that the door of the house had to be enlarged for its removal.

THURLOW WEED, in a published letter, says:

"Mr. David Dudley Field reads me out of his party. This is as it should be, for in attempting to fraternize, the Scripture, which forbids the yoking of an ox and an ass together, would be violated."

If we were Mr. Field, we would have no more dealings with a man who called us an ox.—*Independent.*

A gentlemen who lately saw John Bell in the South describes him as sour, bitter, peevish, querulous, morose and misanthropic. He has no friends, and is a friend to nobody. He hates all around him, and gets their contempt in payment. He curses his own course, curses himself for having taken it, and others for having advised him to take it. His venomous heart, like a mass of solidified aquafortis, is eating away his life. No matter how soon it shall finish the meal.

WHEELING, VA., is one of the oddest of all places. *The Intelligencer* of that city gives the following sketch, vouching for its accuracy: "We saw yesterday, going up toward the upper ferry, a team of four animals—a horse, a pony, a mule and a bull. The horse had the heaves, the pony was blind, the mule was lame, and the bull had no provision for fly time. In the wagon, which was an ordinary one, sat a white man, a crippled negro and a tame skunk. The skunk was firmly bound with a wisp of straw, the white man held the lines, the team held its own, and the nigger held the skunk."

A JUST MEASURE.—The Constitutional Convention of Maryland has adopted the following order:

Ordered, That this Convention, representing the people of Maryland, hereby respectfully request the President of the United States, and the commandants of military departments in which Maryland is included, as an act of justice and propriety, to assess upon sympathizers with the rebellion resident in this State the total amount of all losses and spoliations sustained by loyal citizens of the United States resident in this State, by reason of the recent rebel raid, to compensate loyal sufferers.

Of all the ingenious ways of raising money for the Sanitary Commission, that devised by the people of the town of Catawissa, Pennsylvania, is probably the oddest. The male citizens agreed to decide by vote who was the prettiest girl in town, and it was declared in favor of Miss Hattie S. Reifsnyder, by a majority of two hundred and eighty votes. Each vote was accompanied by the sum of twenty-five cents, and the proceeds were given to the Sanitary Fair as the contribution of the favorite beauty. What makes the matter more interesting is the fact that Miss Reifsnyder is nursing wounded soldiers in the Army of the Potomac.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION OF LOUISIANA has adjourned, and the Free State Constitution, abolishing slavery, and providing a common-school system, is to be submitted to the people on the first Monday in September. The result of the election does not admit of a doubt. The people of Louisiana cannot be blind to the lessons of the past three years, nor fail to give ear to the voice of the civilized world, which has spoken for freedom and against human slavery. It was a happy thought to couple with the abolition of slavery the establishment of free schools; for the work of emancipation must be incomplete and fruitless until the blessings of education have been dispensed among the freed.

KITE EXPRESS.—The correspondent of the New York *Times*, writing from the Army of the Potomac, says: A novel mode of giving light to benighted rebels on the subject of the President's Amnesty, has recently been tried with success along our lines. A common boy's kite is sent skyward and rebelward whenever the wind is favorable, having two strings, one strong and the other weak. To a particularly weak spot in the weak string a bundle of the printed promises of amnesty is fastened. When the kite is high enough and soaring far within the rebel lines, the stout string is slackened and all the strain is brought upon the weak. Instantly the cord parts at the tender spot, and the proclamations, "thick as Autumnal leaves which strew the streams in Valambrossa," shower gently o'er hill and plain and forest top, where the rebels can pick them up. Is not that a brilliant thing, and worthy of universal Yankee ingenuity?

THE BILL TO ENCOURAGE IMMIGRATION.—The bill to encourage immigration, as finally passed by both Houses, provides for the appointment of a Commissioner of Immigration by the President, with the advice and consent of the Senate, to be under the Secretary of State, and have a salary of $2,500. His duty shall be to collect full and reliable information in regard to soil, climate, mineral resources and agricultural products; rates of wages and prices of labor in the different parts of the United States, and also the means of communication and the wants of the agricultural, manufacturing and other industrial interests of the United States, and to disseminate such information throughout Europe in a concise and popular form. The bill also creates a Superintendent of Immigration at New York, at a salary of two thousand dollars, who shall aid persons arriving from foreign countries in finding homes and work.

A REMARKABLE TRAGEDY occurred near Mauckport, Harrison County, Indiana, on Sunday week. A young woman named Miller went to church wearing a rebel emblem, and this circumstance created a considerable feeling among some of the Republican ladies of the congregation. After the services Mrs. Timberlake, niece of Col. John Timberlake, volunteered to go and take away the emblem. She went toward Miss Miller and a general fight ensued among the women, when Col. John Timberlake came into the crowd apparently greatly excited. A secessionist named Henry Lohmire, who accompanied Miss Miller to the church, warned Timberlake not to interfere. Timberlake replied, "You are nothing but a rebel, anyhow," whereupon Lohmire drew a pistol and shot twice, both shots taking effect. The first ball passed through Timberlake's hand and into his shoulder, the second entered his side and passed through the heart, causing instant death. Lohmire was arrested, and is in jail at Corydon.

MRS. EMMA WILLARD CAPTURED BY THE REBELS.—The Troy *Times* of July 15th says: A dispatch received this morning from Mrs. Phelps, at Baltimore, states that Mrs. E. Willard, of this city, was among the passengers on the train from Baltimore for Philadelphia, which was captured by the rebels when Maj. Gen. Franklin was taken prisoner. Nothing since then has been heard of Mrs. Willard, but no fears are entertained by her friends here of personal harm—although it may be possible that she has suffered from the loss of property. Mrs. Willard's authorship of several valuable standard works, and her association with the Troy Female Seminary, have given her a wide-spread reputation. Her numerous friends here and elsewhere will await further tidings with great interest. Mrs. Willard left the city a few days ago for Baltimore and Washington, and was on her return when this unfortunate incident occurred. Her capture by the rebels was hardly one of the calculations of the journey.

FOUR CHILDREN SMOTHERED IN A CHEST.—A terrible realization of the tale of Ginevra, which Rogers has immortalized in verse, was discovered in the township of Newburg yesterday. On Wednesday afternoon last a man named Schoger, living near the Buckeye House (better known as Edward's Tavern) on Kinsman street road, left the house with his wife to go into the field and work. Their four children, aged from two to ten years, remained at home. On returning to the house the parents sought in vain for their children. Search was made around the premises, over the farm and through the woods, the whole neighborhood turning out to join in it, but without success. Yesterday morning, however, their own house was searched; and in it, in an old German chest, the children were found, smothered to death, their faces black from suffocation. In their play the children had got into the chest, and the lid falling and the spring catching, had been imprisoned in a living tomb.—*Cleveland (O.) Leader.*

A SINGULAR INCIDENT.—Twenty years ago a gentleman of this city resolved to remove out West, and started for his destination. In New York he stopped at a second-class hotel, and while there was robbed of his purse, containing some two thousand dollars in gold. In the course of his peregrinations he was successful, and had forgot his loss, having accumulated a handsome property. When the war broke out he was too old to enlist, but, feeling patriotic, he offered his services to Gen. Logan and acted as quartermaster to a brigade. One night, on a march, the army arrived at a small town in Southern Alabama, and according to orders, he took possession of the inn for general headquarters. While talking with the landlord he discovered that he formerly kept a hotel in New York, and, upon pressing his inquiries, found that he was the identical landlord of the house in which he had been robbed. In the course of the evening he arranged a mock court-martial, and brought the landlord before it, charging him, among other things, with robbery. Much to his surprise the landlord confessed the robbery, and had his choice to restore the money or die at sunrise. The man received his principal and all the interest the landlord could afford to pay in gold, which the gentleman invested in U. S. 7-30 notes.—*Boston Gazette.*

DIAMOND MINES AND GOLD MINES.—Gold-mining has a seductive charm about it; but no gold-mining ever paid so well as diamond mining in the Pennsylvania "diggings" just now. For instance, we hear that in one part of Pennsylvania miners of coal are able to earn, and do earn—working at piece-work—at the rate of from three to four hundred dollars per month! At another mine we hear that a miner's store-bills for the support of himself and family amounted to eighty dollars, and he received, over and above this, for his month's work, in a very unfavorable situation, two hundred dollars. In mines where the work is straightforward, from three hundred and fifty to four hundred dollars is now thought a fair month's earnings with pick and shovel.

"Well, Jimmy," said a new-comer to a laborer (a car-pusher) who worked by the day, "what do you get now?" "Six dollars a day," was the reply. "And how long do you have to work?" "Four hours." "And does that pay you?" "Well," said Jimmy, "it's tolerable; but I think if we come out [strike] once more we'll have all we want."—*Eve. Post.*

PROPOSED EXTINCTION OF SLAVERY IN BRAZIL.—At the late anniversary of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, the Chevalier *de Almeida Portugal* made some interesting statements concerning the state of slavery in the empire of Brazil. He said the Brazilians were anxious to see slavery extinguished from their shores, and would embrace every opportunity and use every means in their power to this end. The government had been sincerely desirous of putting an end to the slave trade, and its cruisers had effectually abolished it. He said that in Brazil slavery never separated man and wife, as is done in America. While the slaves were not exactly their own masters, yet they had great liberties, and their comforts were, to some extent, studied. They were allowed to work in their own time in order to raise capital which they could put to their own uses, and the master was quite willing to give them their freedom for a small trifle, and by so doing they brought to the slave the wish of working and employment of time. And as to education and the like, there were no distinctions of color; but if slaves became educated, they might rise. He knew a colored man in the naval department of Brazil, who rose himself up to the head of the medical department. This showed that freedom was one of the first elements of that constitution of Brazil, and, under such banners, no one could believe that they wish to keep on slavery, which was against the heart of any one who was at all actuated by the principles of religion. There are three million slaves in that country, and the parliament is already occupied with the consideration of measures increasing the privileges of the slaves, looking to emancipation as early as the interests of the country will allow.—*Independent*

PANIC AMONG THE NEGROES.—*Chambersburg, July 12.*—At the first intimation of the approach of the rebels begins the day of trial to the poor negro. All their little property is collected together, and they start on their pilgrimage down the valley to Harrisburg, their Mecca and city of refuge. The road is lined with them; whole families, from the old father to the toddling child, go struggling along, terror depicted on their countenances, and filled with wild and distorted accounts of the advance of the enemy. While one is saddened at the misery of the poor creatures, he cannot but be amused at their appearance, and uncalled for panic. I met an old man yesterday, the fortunate possessor of an old rickety wagon and horse, his available property consisting of a bundle and two tin pans, making extraordinary exertions to outstrip his brethren on the road. Standing up, he was administering the most severe blows on his poor beast with an old rope. Altogether he would have made a fit character for the pen of a Dickens. On my remonstrating with him for his cruelty and uncalled for fright, telling him that the rebels were yet thirty miles in his rear, he replied, "Yes, sah! yes, sah! but I'se afraid of de flank movement!" He is, doubtless, ere this at Harrisburg, safe from "de flank movement."—*Phila. Press.*

STATUS OF COLORED PEOPLE IN LOUISIANA.—The Attorney General of Louisiana, after reciting, as the causes productive of the present condition of civil society, the President's Proclamation of Jan 1, 1863, which exempted thirteen parishes; Gen. Banks's proclamation of Jan. 11, 1864, "not disapproved, and perhaps suggested by the President," which removed the exemption; and the reorganization of the present State government on the old model, save the respects in which slavery entered it; concludes his opinion as to the legal status of the colored people in the following terms:

"I am therefore of opinion that all negroes and persons of color in the State of Louisiana are free *de jure*; that all negroes and colored persons in Louisiana, within the Federal lines, are free *de jure et de facto*. I think they have a legal right to testify as witnesses in courts of justice, for and against white persons, as well as each other; that they may sue and be sued in all cases; that they are entitled to trial by jury, to the writ of *habeas corpus*; in short, that they stand on the same footing before the law as white aliens residing in the country, except that they have not the right to become citizens of the United States under the Constitution as existing at present.

"The officers of the government may establish a system of police for their government and management, but cannot hold them as slaves or serfs after the aforesaid proclamations."

It may still be an open question how far this system of police is different from a servile regimen, but the free admission to the courts, on terms of equality, of an hitherto excluded class, is calculated to secure them in their legal rights, and in time to compass the removal of all iniquitous disabilities.—*M. du Pays, in Liberator.*

AN ACTIVE AND ENTERPRISING GOVERNOR.—Gov. Morton has published an address to the people of Indiana, giving the reasons which induced him to establish a Financial Bureau. The Legislature of 1863 made no appropriations for the support of the State government. The appropriations for charitable purposes made in 1861 were exhausted. Indiana had sent over one hundred thousand men to aid in suppressing the rebellion; yet the Legislature had made no provision for the care and relief of the sick and wounded. The Governor had two alternatives before him—to allow the State benevolent institutions to be closed, or to convene the Legislature. The last measure, in consideration of the refusal at the regular session to bring forward and pass the appropriation bills, he believed would have been perilous to the public peace and dangerous to the best interests of the State. He determined, therefore, on his own responsibility, to procure sufficient money to carry on the institutions of the State and keep the machinery of the government in motion. He accordingly established a Bureau of Finance, and appointed over it a Financial Secretary. All the necessary funds were placed at Gov. Morton's disposal, and ample provision was made for all the means requisite to meet every proper demand that might be made before the next meeting of the Legislature, in 1865. Under the call of the President in September last for volunteers, Gov. Morton appointed a large number of recruiting officers to raise the quota for the State, paying $6 special premium to them for each recruit. In this way, 11,467, of whom 551 were colored, were obtained for $68,802. The State officers not paying the interest on the State debt, the Governor made an arrangement with Messrs. Winslow, Lanier & Co., of New York, to advance and pay the same on the faith of the State. The amounts thus paid of interest on funded debt were $260,680 56. Of the entire amount expended, only $111,015.40 were purely for the State government, the residue being a charge against the United States. A Governor, with a Legislature and entire board of State officers personally and politically hostile to him, who can carry on a State government, put twelve thousand volunteers into the field, and keep down a secret organization of traitors numbering many thousands of men, in a time of civil war, is well worth the having.—*Eve Post.*

MASTER AND SLAVE.—The correspondent of the Philadelphia *Press* writes from near Petersburg as follows: Gen. Hancock occupies the house of a wealthy planter named Jones, and everything within the residence is precisely the same as when he left it. The piano, which is a beautiful one, standing in one corner of the parlor, has not as yet been even played upon. The owner of the property is still within our lines, but does not occupy his house. The only thing that seems to be a matter of complaint with him is, that the "Yankees have run off my thirty niggers." It is quite amusing at times to see two of these farmers meet together. The first question, after a general salutation, is invariably, "Well, have they took your niggers?" the reply usually amounting to, "Yes, they are clean done gone. I had right smart of 'em for a while, but they soon yanked 'em all." "What, is Bessie gone, too?" "Yes, sir, she went de fust one." It is remarkable to compare the similarities between a negro's and his master's conversation. One can scarcely distinguish the difference. The fact is readily accounted for by understanding that the only companions of these poorer classes of planters are negroes—their own slaves. Shut up in little boxes called houses, with their negroes living in still smaller log huts, both far away from civilization, it might be truly said, it cannot be expected that their growth, mentally speaking, should be coequal with those residing in more favored localities. The negroes, in many places near Petersburg, are superior to their masters, and those with whom I have conversed have a better idea of farms and farm lands. The general expectation among all planters in this section is that the North will conquer the South, and put the negroes in charge of plantations, while the masters take the places of their former slaves in the field. The idea is certainly a good one, especially since it has had its birth in the "knowledge box" of a genuine Southron.

Special Notices.

A CARD.—Owing to the enormous advance in the prices not only of the precious metals, but of every other commodity, I find it impossible to continue longer the sale of my PENS at old rates. This I regret exceedingly, as I had hoped to continue without change; but, having to buy gold at the present fabulous prices, this is no longer possible.

My friends and the public will give me credit, however, for having struggled long and hard against the universal pressure to depreciate the Government credit and currency. The advance now made is not enough to cover me, with gold at present rates; should it remain where it is, or go still higher, a further rise in prices must be made. In any case, however, I intend, as heretofore, to sell a better article for less money than can be bought elsewhere.

A circular, with engravings of all the sizes, styles, and present prices will be sent on receipt of letter postage. Address A. MORTON,

July 11, 1864. No. 25 Maiden-lane, New York.

Advertisements.

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It has a straight needle, perpendicular action, makes the LOCK or SHUTTLE STITCH, which will NEITHER RIP nor RAVEL, and is alike on both sides; performs perfect sewing on every description of material, from Leather to the finest Nansook Muslin, with cotton, linen or silk thread, from the coarsest to the finest number.

Having neither CAM nor COG WHEEL, and the least possible friction, it runs as smooth as glass, and is

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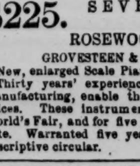

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Miscellaneous Department.

THE LATE JOSIAH QUINCY.

[The Boston *Daily Advertiser* publishes the addresses of Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, Rev. Dr. Ellis, and Hon. Edward Everett, at the meeting of the Massachusetts Historical Society, a few days since, in commemoration of the life and public services of the late Mr. Quincy. We have room for only brief extracts. Mr. Winthrop closed his address as follows:]

WE may look in vain, it is true, for any of the personal associates of his early career as a statesman. He had outlived almost all the cotemporaries of his long and brilliant service in our State and National Legislatures. But associates and witnesses are still left of his vigorous and most successful administration of our Municipal affairs, and of his faithful and devoted labors for sixteen years as President of our beloved University. Meantime, the evidences of his literary and intellectual accomplishments are familiar to us all, in his History of the University, in his History of the Athenæum, in his Municipal History of Boston, in his Biographies of his ever-honored father and of his illustrious friend and kinsman, John Quincy Adams, and in so many speeches, addresses, and essays upon almost every variety of topic, historical, political, literary, social, and moral.

We may follow him back, indeed, to the day when he was graduated with the highest honors at the University, of which he lived to be the oldest Alumnus, and we shall never find him idle or unemployed; nor ever fail to trace him by some earnest word or some energetic act. Everywhere we shall see him a man of untiring industry, of spotless integrity, of practical ability and sagacity, of the boldest independence and sturdiest self-reliance; a man of laborious investigation as well as of prompt action, with a ready pen and an eloquent tongue for defending and advocating whatever cause he espoused, and whatever policy he adopted. Even those who may have differed from him—as not a few, perhaps, did—as to some of his earlier or of his later views of public affairs, could never help admiring the earnest enthusiasm of character and the unflinching courage with which he clung to his own deliberate convictions of duty. Nor could anyone ever doubt that a sincere and ardent love of his country and of his fellow-men, of political and of human liberty, was the ruling passion of his heart.

And seldom, certainly, has there been witnessed among us a more charming picture of a serene and honored old age than that which he has presented during the last few years. Patient under the weight of personal infirmities; hopeful in the face of public dangers and calamities; full of delightful reminiscences of the past, and taking an eager interest in whatever promotes the welfare of the present; grateful to God for a long and happy life, and ready to remain or depart as it might please Him; he seemed, so far as human judgment might presume to pronounce, to have attained a full measure of that wisdom of which it is written: "Length of days is in her right hand, and in her left riches and honor."

Not many years ago he prepared an Agricultural Essay, which is now on our table. Not many months ago, and when he was on the eve of his ninety-second birthday, I met him at the Cambridge Observatory, coming to visit the institution which had been a special object of his interest and of his bounty, and to take a last look, as he said, at the great revealer of the stars. Still later, I found him in his own library, reading Thucydides, and applying the matchless periods of Pericles to the dangers of our dear land, and to the heroic deaths of so many of our brave young men. Nothing seemed wanting to complete the picture of such an Old Age as was described by the great Roman Orator, and exemplified by the great Roman Censor. Nor would it be easy to find a better illustration than his last years afforded of those exquisite words in which the great Poet of the English Lakes has translated and expanded one of those most striking passages of that consummate Essay of Cicero:

"Rightly it is said
That man descends into the vale of years;
Yet have I thought that we might also speak,
And not presumptuously, I trust, of Age,
As of a final EMINENCE; though bare
In aspect and forbidding, yet a point
On which 'tis not impossible to sit
In awful sovereignty; a place of power,
A throne, that may be likened unto his,
Who, in some placid day of Summer, looks
Down from a mountain-top."

[Rev. Dr. Ellis, from the Standing Committee, offered the following resolutions, which were adopted:]

Resolved, That in the death of Josiah Quincy, whose name has stood on our roll 68 years, and for the last seventeen years has led the list of our members—this society shares in an especial manner in the feelings which have been manifested through our whole community. We honored him for the highest private virtues and for very many services to the public in the long succession and the large variety of the offices which he filled, and the trusts which he discharged. We recognized in him a combination of the noblest principles which we venerate in the Fathers of the Commonwealth, and the elder patriots of the land who were also his friends. His lofty integrity, his large and wise public spirit, the utility of his enterprises and the practical benefits which are now enjoyed by us as their results, will assure to his name and memory enduring honors.

Resolved, That the President be requested to name one of our associates to prepare the usual memoir.

[The following is the conclusion of the address of Dr. Ellis, on presenting the above resolutions:]

The honors and labors of his life had a felicitous consummation, mingled of dignity and of beauty. It presented one of those very rare cases in which providential allotments, combined with human conditions of the peculiarities of a marked individuality, gathered their finest garland for a crown of tranquil and revered old age. This afforded opportunities for the mellowing of character, for the turning of all sternness into a self-searching of principles, motives and actions, and for the vindication before all critical eyes of the well-tried integrity which had never faltered. The last decade of his years was numbered one by one, by some new token of the deepening interest and respect of our whole community. His calendar, as it advanced, was announced in the papers. The literary and oratorical fruits of his long harvest were credited to the verification of his own theory, that the way in which an old man should keep his mind from wearing out, was to keep it hard at work.

He had hoped that he might live to see the end of this fearful civil strife which convulses our land, and which so stirred the fire of his noble, inborn, high-taught patriotism. But whether or not that should be so, his faith outran his hope, and he believed that it could have but one possible end, and that a righteous one, leaving us still a nation, but chastened and purified. If anyone asked him of the cause and purpose of the war, he would have been likely to have referred his questioner to certain prophetic utterances of his own in the Congress of the United States, in January, 1811.

A full serenity of scene and feeling attended his release from life, by that rarest of all human experiences, a natural death; as the ripe fruit falls from the unshaken bough in the still air. He was waiting to be called and was just beginning to fear delay in the summons. He lived at last for simple rest, and musing on the gleanings of thought from his last readings of his favorite moralists and philosophers, Cicero and Lord Bacon, trusting his memory and his spirit for diviner nutriment. To the end he read and wrote. And because they were the last transcript from his pen he has enhanced the sweet and gracious piety of the lines of Addison, which he copied as his hand was losing its cunning:

"When all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love and praise!"

Dying in Quincy, receiving funeral honors in Boston, borne to his grave through Cambridge, and resting now on the slope of Harvard Hill in Mount Auburn, we may share his own strong hope of immortality, and believe that his life is rounded by something better than a sleep.

[Mr. Everett was the last speaker. He felicitously alluded to the literary labors of the deceased, closing as follows:]

The year 1847 was signalized by the death of Quincy Adams, at the post of duty and in the Capitol of the United States. He was the distant relative, the neighbor, the contemporary, the confidential friend of Mr. Quincy, and at the request of our society the duty of paying the last tribute of respect to the memory of the illustrious departed devolved on him. He readily accepted the trust, and instead of confining himself within the limits of a memoir of ordinary length, he drew up a volume of more than 400 pages, embracing a comprehensive history of the life and services of Mr. Adams. The work did not make its appearance till the year 1858, and when the venerable author was now in his 87th year.

I recollect no other instance in this country of so large a work from a person so far stricken in years; but I perceive in it no abatement of intellectual power. In a modest prefatory note, it is stated to be the object of the writer to narrate the political life of Mr. Adams from his published works, from authentic unpublished materials, and personal acquaintance; and in this way to make him the expositor of his own motives, principles, and character, in the spirit neither of criticism nor eulogy. This difficult and delicate task was performed by the venerable author with signal success, and with this the series of his elaborate historical efforts closes.

I need not say that with his other occasional literary labors—several of which, such as the history of the Boston Athenæum, which I ought to have included in the series, were of a nature to require no little time and research in their preparation—they form what would, in almost any case, be considered the life-work of an industrious man. But till his retirement from the Presidency of Harvard at the age of 73, Mr. Quincy's literary labors must have been all prepared in the brief intervals of leisure allowed by engrossing official duties and cares. While, therefore, they would have given him an enviable reputation had he been exclusively or even mainly a man of letters, it must be remembered that in his case the writer was overshadowed by the active relations—Political, Judicial, Municipal and Academic—in which he stood to his day and generation.

On these I need not attempt to dwell, but when we consider that Mr. Quincy was for years, and with a brilliant reputation both for business and debate, the representative of Boston, both in the State Legislature and in Congress—an acknowledged leader of the party to which he belonged; that as a Judge, his term of office, though short, was signalized by a most memorable decision relative to the law of libel; that as Mayor of Boston for six years—an office assumed under all the difficulties of the transition state to which Dr. Ellis has alluded—his administration was distinguished for the most important improvements and reforms; and lastly that, with great acceptance and public favor, he presided over the oldest Literary Institution in the country, bringing to the arduous and responsible station a variety of qualifications, administrative and literary, intellectual and moral, rarely if ever combined in one man, and most certainly never surpassed; and that, having in advanced but vigorous age became *emeritus* in this long and honorable career, instead of indulging in the repose conceded to the decline of life, he continued for 20 years, by word and deed, to perform all the duties of an active patriot, vigilant for the public weal, jealous for the public honor, and full of courage and confidence in the darkest hours of the present tremendous struggle, adding finally to all his other titles of respect and honor the authority, which length of years attended with virtue and wisdom can alone confer, we must all feel, as we gather round the grave of President Quincy, that we have lost our FIRST CITIZEN.

[Mr. Everett was followed by the Hon. Richard H. Dana, Jr., who gave a discriminating analysis of Mr. Quincy's noble character. The meeting was then dissolved.]

THE HEIR.

BY CAROLINE A. MASON.

I AM not poor; I own the seas,
The earth, and all its boundaries.
These happy skies, that o'er my head
Serenely float, for me were spread.
For me this sun goes blazing through
Its path of light; for me the dew
Fills morn and eve its chalice up;
The tulip paints for me its cup.
Mine every flower that decks the glade;
For me the singing birds were made;
The winds that blow, blow soft for me,
For me they pipe their stormy glee.
The great woods hang their banners out
To hail my coming thereabout.
At my poor feet, all sweet and brown,
They drop their nutty treasures down.
The squirrel—honest fellow he,
For all his tricks—goes halves with me;—
He shares my nuts, and I his glee.
I feel a very millionaire,
Such wealth have I! The earth and air
Pay tribute to me everywhere.
To feed me Nature hangs her store
Of summer fruits about my door.
See where her loaded trees incline
Their fruited boughs;—to pluck is mine.
I ask not how her plums unfold
Their globes of purple and of gold,
Nor how her sun-bright cherries grow,
Whether they toil and spin or no.
Small thought have I; I but outreach
My hand, and lo! the golden peach,
Sweet with the sweetness of the south,
Drops honeyed ripeness on my mouth!
Nature, kind mother,—I her heir,—
She cares for me without my care.
For me her rosy apples blush,
Her perfumed pears grow sweet and lush.
From every vine her finger drapes
With green she pulls me purple grapes;
She makes the ground I walk on sweet
With blackberries beneath my feet!
She plants my path with flowers; she nods
And smiles to me in golden-rods
And painted buttercups; she throws
Rich odors round the musky rose;
Or, coyer grown, hides faint perfumes
In violets and arbutus blooms,
And laughs through all her realms to see
How sweet her breath is unto me!
She syllables in meadow-brooks,
And sunny glades and sylvan nooks,
Lore such as never was in books!
Sweet priestess, too, she reads to me
Her liturgies from every tree;
She chants her solemn service where
Her bluebells call to praise and prayer,
And breathes, through her eternal calms,
Her inarticulate, sweet psalms.
She makes me earnest, grave, or gay,
As suits her mood, and yet alway
She ministers to mine; she knows
I love all bright things, so with shows
Of glittering gold and crimson sheen,
And purple, draped with richest green,
She lights for me her solitudes,
And paints my way adown her woods.
She calls her squirrels out to greet
My coming with their frisky feet;
Her merry crickets, too, to stir
The silence with their tuneful whirr.
She bids her birds with jocund song
Pipe music to me all day long;
For me their prodigal, sweet notes
Leap liquid from their golden throats!
Thus fare I at her hands,—and so,
With feast and song and royal show,
She waits on me where'er I go.

E'en Winter pays his tithe of joy
Into my lap. I love the boy!
He comes with boisterous, honest mirth,
And lights the fire upon my hearth;
And while the blazing embers shine,
I crack my nuts and drink my wine
Of sweet content, rejoicing still
To let the urchin have his will.
What though he piles my path with snow!—
I take my shovel down and go
To earn my meal of morning air;
The veriest clown with me may share,
Nor pay a farthing for his fare.
And then I take it back in coin
Of health and strength,—this toil of mine.
I get, in payment for my pains,
A healthier flow through all my veins.
My cheeks a richer carmine show
Than French cosmetics could bestow;
A subtile grace my lithe limbs gain,
That rules of art might teach in vain,
Nor this alone the urchin pays
To offset his uncanny ways;
For, look you! every frosty morn
He comes with jewels to adorn
Each tree and shrub beside my door;
I gaze; I am no longer poor;
I walk a king! My cottage shed
No longer shelters me; instead,
A palace roofs me, rich and grand,
Dizened with gems from every land.
A thousand glittering rubies shine,
Like great, rich drops of frozen wine,
Beneath this royal roof of mine!
The diamond and the opal flame
Anear me; jewels wanting name,—
So bright they be, so rich and rare,—
Flash splendor round me everywhere.
I shut my glory-blinded eyes
For sheer relief, and straight arise
Thoughts of that glorious vision told
By John: the city made of gold
Stands open to my gaze; I see
That too was built for me,—for me!
I hear the angels singing sweet,
I see them cast at Jesus' feet
Their burning crowns,—O ecstasy!
I see my crown laid up for me!
I see the palm that I shall bear;
The white, white robe that I shall wear;
And while my spirit faints away
For very joy, sweet voices say:
"Thine is the fair, fruit-bearing tree;
Thine is the burning jasper sea;
Thine the white robe, the crown, the palm;
Thine Heaven's serene, eternal calm!"

* * * * * * * * * *

The vision fades; I take again
Life's duties up, like other men.
But O the perfect calm, the peace
That wraps me, and shall still increase,
Until, this happy journey o'er,
My feet shall touch that shining shore,—
Shall touch, and leave it nevermore!
So live I on,—contented still
To go or stay, as suits His will;
And singing in my heart this song
Of sweetness as I pass along!—

Great God of nature and of me!
If such my earthly legacy,
And such the glorious glimpses even,
The faint foreshadowings of heaven,
The *taste* of sweets in store for me,
What shall the full fruition be?—
And what the *treasures* of thy love
And grace laid up for me above?
I cannot tell; I but believe
No tongue can speak nor heart conceive
The sweetness, the surpassing bliss,
Of *that* world, far transcending *this!*
I cannot tell; I only know
I own all things, above, below;
All things,—and still, through gain and loss,
Through hero's crown and martyr's cross,
I see but one bright promise shine,
I read but one illuminated line,
I know but this:—all things are mine,
And I am Christ's, and Christ is thine.

—*Monthly Religious Magazine.*

ONE great evidence of the Divine origin of Christianity is, that it contains nothing which renders it unadapted to a progressive state of society, that it puts no checks upon the activity of the human mind, and does not compel it to tread always in a beaten path.—*Channing.*

THE FOURTH OF JULY ON THE PLANTATION OF JEFF. DAVIS.

[We have already published Mrs. Gage's account of the celebration of the "glorious Fourth" on Jeff. Davis's Plantation; but the following "official report" of the Natchez *Daily Herald* supplies additional particulars, and is too interesting to be omitted.]

THE TRIP.

BY invitation of the "Committee of Arrangements" a party of teachers and their escorts and other friends of the Freedmen, embarked on board the "Diligent" on the morning of the 4th inst. The Diligent left the levee at Vicksburg soon after 7 o'clock a.m., and made a pleasant trip in about three hours, down the river, stopping at the landing at Davis's Bend, whence the party were conveyed in ambulances, wagons, buggies and other vehicles, to the late residence of Jefferson Davis, about two miles from said landing.

DAVIS'S BEND.

This is one of the most extraordinary bends of the wonderful Mississippi river, and has received its name from the fact of the settlement on the peninsula formed by the bend, of two members of the Davis family, known as "Jeff." and "Joe." This peninsula is some twelve miles in length, and at the point where it is attached to the main land of the State of Mississippi, it is so narrow, that the enterprising planters have dug a canal across, not unlike the celebrated Butler canal of Vicksburg fame, although not near so long. This canal is called the "cut-off," and in high water the peninsula becomes, in fact, an island. This tract of land is of great fertility, being entirely a deposit of the rich soil washed from the prairies of the great west. On this tract are some six plantations of from 800 to 1200 acres each. Two of the largest and best of these were owned by Jeff. and Joe Davis, and are known now as the "Jeff. and Joe places." The form of this peninsula is such that a few companies of soldiers with one or two stockades can keep out an army of rebels, and the inhabitants, although frequently surrounded by the hordes of Southern murderers and thieves on the opposite banks of the river and canal, dwell in peace and comparative security. In fact this site, from being the home of traitors and oppressors of the poor, has become a sort of earthly paradise for colored refugees. There they flock in large numbers, and like Lazarus of old are permitted, as it were, to "repose in Father Abraham's bosom." The rich men of the "Southern Confederacy," now homeless wanderers, occasionally cry across for the Lazarus whom they have oppressed and despised, but he is not sent unto them, because between the two parties "there is a great gulf fixed; so that they which would pass from hence cannot." On this Freedmen's paradise parties for cultivating the soil are organized under the superintendence of missionaries, each party cultivating from ten to one hundred acres, with a fair prospect of realizing handsomely. These efforts are aided by the government: rations, teams, etc., being supplied and charged to each party, to be deducted from the proceeds of their crops. Cotton is chiefly cultivated, and some very handsome "stands" appear.

THE "JOE PLACE."

The "Joe place" is nearest the landing. The fine brick house, however, is nearly demolished, but the cottage used as a sort of law library and office, is remaining uninjured. The negro quarters also remain.

THE "JEFF. PLACE."

The "Jeff. place" is also a very fine plantation. The residence has not been injured, except the door locks and one or two marble mantels broken up, apparently for trophies. The Jeff. furniture has been removed, but the rooms are still furnished with furniture brought here.

THE HOUSE THAT JEFF. BUILT.

The house is, in its ground plan, in the form of a cross—but one floor with large rooms and ample verandas. The portico in front is supported with pillars, and these form the only ornamental features of the house, except such as were added for this occasion by the artistic touches of our Northern sisters. Of these were festoons, wreaths, stars and garlands, mysteriously woven in evergreens and flowers. Over the portico entrance outside, were the following inscriptions, the letters being formed by cedar foliage:

"THE HOUSE THAT JEFF. BUILT."
"WELCOME."

The latter motto was arched, and with the festoons made a beautiful appearance.

Inside were beautiful stars and garlands of flowers, and over the exit at the back door the following inscription, surmounted by a star:

"EXIT TRAITOR."

It was facetiously remarked by an observer, that the moral was

"Down with the traitor
And up with the star."

We understood that to Miss Lee, of Pennsylvania, and Miss Jennie Huddleson, of Indiania, the party was indebted for those ingenious and appropriate devices. Very likely, for wit and satire for traitors, and a cordial welcome to the loyal and patriotic, are characteristics of these whole-souled missionaries.

The reception rooms were also decorated with flowers, and everything around showed that "gentle hands" had laid on "the last touches" of fragrance, grace and beauty.

These "ladies of the Management" were dressed in neat "patriotic prints"; they needed no addition to their toilets to add to the charming air of comfort which they so appropriately infused. Their smiles of welcome needed no verbal explanation; and the heartiness with which they were engaged in their "labors of love," and the evidence of their success in all the surroundings, showed that they perfectly understand the science of "making home happy." Whether they have read Mrs. H. B. Stowe's "House and Home Papers" in *The Atlantic*, we know not, but there are many others, besides that literary lady (Mrs. S.), who understand "how to keep house"; by magic touches, to turn the most simple objects into luxuries of ornamentation. We suspect also that Mrs. M. Watson and Miss Lizzie Findley had been engaged in these preparations, although appearing more in the character of guests. There were some other ladies to whom we had not the honor of an introduction, who doubtless deserve particular mention; but your reporter, as the sequel of his story will show, only received his appointment as a publication committee *after all was over*, and consequently, if he should omit anybody's name that deserves mention, this must be his apology. He now declares his desire to be just to all, and especially to those whose devotion and patriotism rendered the fourth of July, 1864, the happiest day of the year.

THE GROUNDS.

On the grounds in front of the residence the gunboat crew suspended a string of signal colors, on each side of the "starry banner," presenting an effect amid the dense foliage of the live-oaks, and the gray moss, "altogether beauteous to look upon," while on the tables under the trees were spread things not only "pleasant to the sight," but "good for food." And when we saw these pleasing objects, the "work of their hands," and the merry, happy faces of the guests and their "escorts," and reflected that the sable sons, by a guard of whom we were surrounded, were "no longer slaves"; that they had with thousands of their brethren been brought out from the House of Bondage, by the "God of Abraham"; that the very house now occupied by missionaries and teachers had but a year ago, been in the service of despotism; built in fact as a temple of slavery by the great chief who preferred to rule in a miserable petty despotism, to serving in a great and magnanimous Republic, we could but think that Heaven looked approvingly upon the scene; that "God saw everything that he had made, and behold it was very good."

THE EXERCISES.

Rev. Dr. Warren conducted the exercises as President of the occasion, and he did it with that ease, freedom, and regard for the rights and interests of all, which usually characterize his public and social conduct. He opened the proceedings under a grove of trees in front of the house with an appropriate prayer, and then called upon those appointed to take part.

Mr. Roundtree read the "Declaration of Independence" in a clear, emphatic and impressive manner. It was listened to with becoming reverence for the great truths it contains by both the white and colored races. It is quite improbable that these "self-evident" truths were ever expressed before publicly in this locality, and within hearing of every one within the "House that Jeff. built."

Rev. Mr. Livermore, of Wis., delivered an appropriate oration.

The meeting then adjourned for dinner.

A gentle shower at this time rendered the air cool and pleasant, but rendered it necessary to remove the dining tables to the house.

THE DINNER.

A sumptuous dinner was served on the veranda at the back of the mansion. There was an abundance of all that could be desired.

A blessing asked by Rev. Mr. Allen.

This being concluded, the following sentiments were presented and responded to in an impromptu, but appropriate manner by the various speakers:

REGULAR TOASTS.

1. The day we celebrate—The old ship was launched in '76; the bow anchors cast out last year at Vicksburg and Gettysburg. May the storm anchors be dropped to-day at Richmond and Atlanta.

Response by Mr. Israel Lombard.

2. The President—Proved honest and wise by four years of unprecedented trial, we shall keep him there.

Responded to by Dr. Wright.

3. Lieut.-Gen. Grant—We can tie to him in a gale.

Responded to by Col. Clark.

4. The house that Jeff. built.

Responded to by Capt. Powell.

The following song composed for the occasion, was led by Mr. McConnell:

THE HOUSE THAT JEFF. BUILT.

AIR—"*Auld Lang Syne.*"

How oft within these airy halls
The traitor of the day
Has heard Ambition's trumpet calls,
Or dreamed of war's array!
Or of an Empire dreamed, whose base
Millions of blacks should be:
Aha! before this day's sweet face
Where can his visions be?

Those Empire dreams shall be fulfilled,
But not as rebels thought—
Like water at the cistern spilled,
Their boasts shall come to nought.
From gulf to lake, from sea to sea,
Behold our country grand!
The very home of Liberty—
And guarded by her hand.

We revel in his halls to-day:
Next year where will he be?
A dread account he has to pay:
May we be there to see!
And now for country, truth and right—
Our heritage all free,
We'll live and die, we'll sing and fight:
THE UNION! three times three.

5. The Army and Navy: Veterans of three years; The heart of the Nation beats anxiously at the cry, "Onward to Victory!"

Response by Dr. Foster.

6. Our Patriot Dead: Silence their most speaking eulogy.
7. The Union: The storm will but root it more firmly.

Response by Rev. A. J. Compton.

The Star Spangled Banner—sung by the whole company, led by Mr. McConnell.

8. Missionaries to Freedmen—Peace has its heroes.

Response by Rev. Mr. Buckley, Chaplain 47th U. S. C. I.

9. Gen. Sherman, second in command—"All I am I owe to my government, and nothing could tempt me to sacrifice my honor or my allegiance."

Response by Capt. Gilpin, C. S.

10. The Freedmen—Slaves yesterday: to-day free: what shall they be to-morrow?

11. Our Revolutionary Fathers.
———"Their memory is sweet,
And blossoms in the dust."

12. Our Mothers at Home—Let us not, while giving praise to the noble sons, forget those who fought for each one of us in the fierce battle of life in by-gone days. Let the memory of their unselfish love make us true and brave in this our country's darkest hour.

Response by Mrs. Frances D. Gage.

13. Our Colored Troops—Deserving of freedom because they fight like men.

Response by Lieut. Wakeman.

Song—"Babylon is fallen."

14. Sweethearts and Wives—Woman, lovely woman! Nature made you to temper man; we had been brutes without you. Angels are painted fair to look like you. There is in you all that we believe of heaven, amazing brightness, purity and truth, eternal and everlasting love.

Response by Rev. Mr. Allen, Episcopal minister of Aurora, Illinois.

The party, after selecting a few simple trophies, such as fig branches for walking canes, large pond lilies, flowers, wreaths, and boquets, returned to the landing, and reëmbarked for Vicksburg.

CLOSING EXERCISES.

On the boat the following business was transacted:

Vote of thanks to Col. Thomas and staff for getting up the celebration: to the Orator of the Day, Parson Livermore: to the President, Rev. Dr. Warren, who made a brief response; and also to Capt. Wightman and officers of the Diligent.

Cheers were given for Abraham Lincoln, and groans for Jeff. Davis.

The song, "The House that Jeff. Built," was again sung, and Capt. Gilpin, C. S., appointed a committee to furnish a copy of the same to the New York *Tribune* and also to Jeff. Davis.

Capt. Henry S. Clubb, A. Q. M., was appointed a committee to furnish a report of the proceedings of the day to the Vicksburg *Daily Herald*.

The Diligent arrived at Vicksburg at half-past 11 o'clock, p.m.

The celebration was regarded as a great success, and expressions of satisfaction and enjoyment were universal.

DEATH OF WASHINGTON WILKS.

WE have as a nation so few true, earnest, fearless friends in England that the death of one of them at this juncture is doubly a matter of regret. Such a friend was Washington Wilks, who died at a public meeting in Freemason's Hall, London, on the 27th ultimo, while speaking before a large audience. The Boston *Commonwealth* says:

"He was in the course of delivering a speech, in his ordinary forcible and eloquent manner, when suddenly a ghastly paleness overspread his countenance, and turning to a friend on the platform, he asked for a glass of water. The request was promptly complied with, and Mr. Wilks stretched out his hand to take the water; but the grasp of the Destroyer was upon him, and before he could touch the glass, he fell backwards, insensible, on the platform. Several medical gentlemen were promptly in attendance, and all that medical skill could devise, including the application of a powerful galvanic battery, was tried to restore animation, but in vain. Meanwhile the meeting had remained assembled in a state of anxious excitement, until, after the lapse of some twenty minutes, it was announced that the powerful and popular orator was certainly dead. Then the meeting immediately broke up, each individual struck with consternation and sorrow at the unexpected and lamentable catastrophe."

Mr. Wilks was one of the editors of the London *Morning Star*, and wrote the able articles on American affairs which have so distinguished that paper as a true defender of the North and the cause of liberty. As an author he is known by an admirable "History of the First Half of the Nineteenth Century." He first become noted as a writer for *The Nonconformist*.

The cause of his death was decided to be serious apoplexy, produced, it is supposed, by the excitement of speaking on a subject—Parliamentary Reform—in which he was peculiarly interested; and the verdict of the coroner's jury was "Death from the effects of congestion on the brain, caused by sudden excitement." The deceased was thirty-eight years of age. *The Star* the next day published these lines:

IN MEMORIAM.

WASHINGTON WILKS, DIED JUNE 27TH, 1864.

Last eve he watched with eager gaze
The Senate, thronged with England's best;
To-day his swift-winged pen hath rest,
No more to portion blame or praise.

Last night the people's cause he led,
And leading drew the wonted cheers;
A sudden palor roused their fears—
The rush of friends was vain—dead! dead!

He died in harness. So to die
An honored grave is nobly won;
We grieve, a high career half run,
He 'neath the sod shall peaceful lie.

The friend of all the sore oppressed,
His fervid, fearless, patriot zeal
Watched jealously the common weal,
And strove that wrong might be redressed.

'Tis well—for what God wills is well;
The seed he sowed shall fruitful spring;
And they who harvest treasures bring
Shall of his labors speak, and how he working fell.

London Correspondence of The Independent.

There was an earnest, eloquent champion of many a good cause, who was present during Lord Palmerston's speech in the House of Commons, but who, alas! is now no more. Little did the versatile, the gifted, the freedom-loving Washington Wilks imagine that in a few brief hours he would be struck down in the prime of his life and of his powers, and join that "great majority" who have ceased to play their part on this world's stage. As a journalist and an orator—two professions rarely combined with anything like an equal degree of merit in the same person—he had achieved a reputation which, if his life had been spared, promised to ripen into fame. His eloquent voice, which had so often pleaded the cause of the slaves, is now silent forever; his pen, which was wont to be inspired with generous ardor in the cause of America against slaveholding barbarism, lies before me, but the hand which guided it is now as cold and nerveless as the tomb. After leaving Parliament on Monday evening, Mr. Wilks proceeded to a reform meeting, which was held in St. Pancras Vestry Hall. He was engaged in delivering one of his happiest and most energetic speeches, when he suddenly fell back, and, after uttering a slight groan, instantly expired. When Justice Talfourd died upon the judgment-bench, he was commenting in noble language upon the necessity of sympathy between the upper and lower classes. When Washington Wilks died, the last words he uttered had relation to your great country. He had just begun to impeach the public conduct of the two members for Marylebone (both of whom were present), and, in dealing with one of them, he complained that he had more than once reviled "the great American Republic." A few moments before, he had called for a glass of water; but here his voice faltered, he fell back, and with a sigh passed into eternity. Those only who, like the present writer, were long associated with him in public labor can form any adequate idea of the loss which the advanced reformers of this country have sustained by his untimely death. But it must be permitted me to say that he rendered priceless services to the American cause in England, and that last year, by his innumerable public addresses—delivered without regard to health or convenience and without the slightest return except the consciousness of duty performed—he thoroughly indoctrinated the public mind of the metropolis with sound views concerning the moral, economical, and political aspects of the war. He was an enthusiastic admirer of America and American institutions, and perhaps the strongest desire to which he ever gave expression was that he might be privileged to visit the land of Washington and of Lincoln—the home of the Puritans and of the Abolitionists. If, as is more than probable, a testimonial is raised in this country for the benefit of Mr. Wilks's family, I hope there will be a large contribution from the land which he served so well and in the justice and generosity of which he had so noble a faith.

THE STORY OF CALVIN FAIRBANKS.

TWELVE YEARS IN PRISON FOR HELPING A FUGITIVE SLAVE.

[Some weeks ago it was announced that Lieutenant-Governor Jacobs, of Kentucky, had pardoned Rev. Calvin Fairbanks out of the penitentiary of that State during the temporary absence of Governor Bramlette. A correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune*, who has recently had an interview with Mr. Fairbanks, gives the following interesting narrative:]

I YESTERDAY had the pleasure of an introduction to this gentleman, now in this city, and spent an hour or more an attentive and most interested listener to his relation of his long imprisonment and barbarous treatment in the Kentucky penitentiary at Frankfort. Many of your readers will remember reading about the kidnapping of the Rev. Mr. Fairbanks from Jeffersonville, Indiana, in 1851, and his being taken to Frankfort, Kentucky, and after undergoing a sort of mock trial, of his being convicted of the charge of aiding and assisting a slave to escape from bondage to freedom, and sentenced to fifteen years imprisonment in the State Prison of Kentucky. I had heard much and read much in regard to the "barbarism of slavery," but never, until I heard the statement of the reverend gentleman from his own lips, did I fully comprehend the awful devilish monstrosities of the Slave Power. I will give a brief statement of the case as related to myself and others, believing that your readers will be greatly interested and benefited by the publication of the facts in this extraordinary case.

In November, 1851, Rev. Mr. Fairbanks was in Louisville on business connected with the Oberlin (Ohio) Institute, and while there was made acquainted with the case of a young slave girl, nearly white, who was endeavoring to escape to the free States. She was the property of one A. L. Shortwell, of Louisville, and was named "Tamar." The story she related to Mr. Fairbanks—though such as thousands in her condition could truly relate—so worked on his feelings and so aroused his sympathies and indignation that he determined to render her escape certain. On the night of November 2d they crossed the Ohio from Louisville to Jeffersonville, Indiana. The girl secreted herself in a field, while he went in pursuit of a horse and buggy. Before daylight he got her, cold and benumbed, into the buggy, and that day (November 3d) drove thirty-four miles into Indiana, placed her among friends, and himself returned with the horse and buggy to Jeffersonville, where he remained about a week. On his way to church the following Sunday, he was assaulted and seized by William Ronald, then Marshal of Louisville, Kentucky (now Sheriff), and one Stamlett, a watchman, assisted by said Shortwell, and thus kidnapped, he was taken by force from Indiana into Kentucky. He was thrown into prison in Louisville, where he lay about five months awaiting trial, bail being required in the sum of five thousand dollars, which he of course was unable to procure in that State.

On the 25th of February, 1852, Mr. Fairbanks was arraigned for trial. Although no direct evidence was offered, and nothing but the slightest circumstantial evidence given, such as his being seen in Louisville on the same night the girl escaped, still, being determined to punish him under slave laws, they convicted him under their statute relating to enticing slaves, and he was sentenced to fifteen years imprisonment. During the time of his imprisonment he was subjected to the most brutal, wicked, and inhuman treatment conceivable. When he first entered the prison, the profits arising from the labor of the prisoners were divided equally between the State and the warden, or prison contractor. Each prisoner was required to perform an allotted amount of work, which was equal to what a strong, well man could do at the utmost exertion of his strength and endurance. Mr. Fairbanks's strength and health soon failed him, and he was utterly incapable of performing his tasks. Then commenced the horrible brutality to which he was subjected. He was put at the hardest, dirtiest work, and orders were given by Newton Craig, the then warden, to "kill him." The insulting language constantly addressed to him—the hated tones of voice and insolent and abusive manner, to say nothing of the horrible oaths directed to him, were enough to prostrate a man of his refined and sensitive mind. But all this was as nothing compared to the horrible whippings inflicted upon his naked person! Forced to lean forward over a stool, chair or bench, he was made to strip, and then with a sole-leather strap, eighteen inces in length, two inches wide, and about three-eighths of an inch thick, soaked in water and fastened to a handle about two feet long, he was flogged sometimes daily, sometimes four times a day, for not performing a heavier task than it was possible for him to do in his state of health. He was given from two to one hundred and seventy lashes at a time. Sometimes he would escape a flogging for a month, and once six months passed off without his being whipped. During the time he was imprisoned he was brutally flogged more than one thousand times because he had not fulfilled, through weakness and exhaustion, the task imposed upon him. On one occasion, during the last Winter, a keeper named Whiteside, and the only human man connected with the prison management, had directed Mr. Fairbanks to cord up a lot of wood. While doing this, an under keeper named Jeffries came along and asked Mr. Fairbanks roughly what he was doing that for. Mr. Fairbanks replied that he was doing it by order of Mr. Whiteside. Jeffries ordered him not to cord up any more wood, and Mr. Fairbanks replying that he must do as directed by the officer highest in authority, Jeffries in a rage seized a stick of wood, and struck Mr. F. over the temple a blow that cut to the skull, knocking him blind and senseless, and which placed him in the prison hospital for several weeks, and from which, owing to the shock to the brain, as in the case of the assault upon Senator Sumner by Bully Brooks, he has not yet fully recovered.

How many times the heart of the poor prisoner sunk within him, how many times he prayed earnestly that death might end his sufferings; how he was kept alive, and was permitted to hope on, and live, is known only to his God. Yet it is a great wonder how the mind could have been preserved from utter wreck and ruin—how it was that insanity did not deprive him long since of all consciousness of the cruel wrongs he was obliged to suffer and endure.

But have we not the explanation in the knowledge that he surely possessed, that there was a loving and devoted heart, made all the more loving, devoted and constant, by his cruel bondage and the horrors to which he was subjected? Was it not that he knew, or had faith to believe that her efforts in his behalf would never cease? And that he owed it to her, if not to himself, to endeavor to bear with Christian patience and manly fortitude the grievous afflictions which he was compelled to experience.

At the time of the imprisonment of Rev. Mr. Fairbanks, he was engaged to be married to Miss Mandona Tileston, of Williamsburg, Mass., a young lady of rare personal attractions and mental endowments. And the qualities both of heart and mind which this estimable lady possessed, will be best illustrated by stating that, during all the time of his imprisonment (from November, 1851, to April, 1864) Mr. F. was the one particular object of all her thoughts and all her devoted affections. Her loving, and cheerful, and hopeful letters were as the staff of life to him! He was stripped of all his money, clothing and property when he was imprisoned, and, after his other means failed, she sent him money with which to supply his wants—furnished him with a bed, bedding, towels, linen, and funds with which to supply himself with suitable food, coffee, tea, etc., and to supply him with such comforts as it was possible to do, and that he might not be obliged to eat the miserable prison fare which was supplied by the warden. She visited him in person in 1853, 1855, 1859, 1860, 1863, making constant efforts to procure his pardon.

At length, after twelve years, one month and six days dreadful imprisonment in the State Prison at Frankfort, besides the four months he was in jail in Louisville, Mr. Fairbanks received a pardon from Lieutenant-Governor Jacobs, of Kentucky, and was restored to his liberty.

During the six last years Miss Tileston has been residing in Oxford, Ohio, as a teacher, where she might be near Mr. F. and where she could be enabled to furnish him with continued means. As soon as he was set at liberty he repaired at once to her place of residence, where they were married a few weeks since.

On leaving the prison he was furnished with five dollars from the prison fund, and an old suit of clothes such as a hod-carrier might wear. None of his personal property was surrendered to him, the present keeper refusing to give it to him, saying all this is mine! Seventy-five dollars sent to him was withheld and kept by the warden, Newton Craig. And after almost thirteen years of imprisonment at hard labor, stripped of all his means, he boarding himself during his incarceration, he is again free!

What a martyr to the benevolent impulses of the human heart has he not been! What an illustration of the "barbarism of slavery" is his history! What an example of true womanhood, what an instance of that constancy, devoted affection, and self-sacrificing spirit which is the true ornament of the gentler sex, the rare exhibition of which in these degenerate days makes this illustrious instance stand out in transcendent beauty and holiness. D.

GEORGE THOMPSON'S ADDRESS AT AMHERST COLLEGE.

Report of The Springfield Republican.

MR. THOMPSON said he came before his audience with a sense of the deepest responsibility. He was no fair weather orator, and he should treat his subject plainly and boldly. Years ago he visited this country and spoke to our people, and now he had come back again with the old message, and in speaking of national affairs he should endeavor to probe them to the foundation. He stated the general proposition that man is influenced by everything with which he comes in contact. The passions of the parent and the playfellow affect the child long after he is removed from their immediate influence. Nothing except the domestic surroundings influence men so much as the laws under which they live. They are a continual motive, either exciting or repressing. Poverty has a tendency to make men commit crime; and when the laws of a nation tend to keep men in poverty, they are justly charged with sin. An application of these general principles was made to the history and present circumstances of this country, the fundamental law of which is the Constitution. Mr. Thompson said he had been a close student of this Constitution for thirty years, in the light of what those who framed it say they meant it to mean, in the light of the laws that have grown out of it, and of the influences it has exerted on the people. The speaker added that he had come to the conclusion that it was a compromise, and was not in harmony with the noble declaration of independence. This war is the final result of that compromise of the North and the South, an attempt to unite the effete institution of slavery with the freedom of the North. It was an attempt to bridge the gulf of centuries, and the very means taken to preserve the Union are now trying to destroy it.

Mr. Thompson here went into the subject of slavery at length, as it existed at the South, giving its history, its growth, and its political influence from the foundation of our government. He said that while we professed to be a republic, the South was, in reality, more like old feudal nations of Europe. The slaveholders claimed and got all the offices and emoluments. The slaveholders were an oligarchy seeking to extend their own order and to perpetuate slavery. They were a unit in Congress, and with the aid of their Northern sympathizers they successfully sought to extend their power and their patronage at home and abroad. No President could incur the displeasure of the Slave Power. Until Mr. Lincoln, no President was ever elected without Southern votes. The slaveholders appointed the heads of departments, and these designated the subordinates. Thus a miserable handful of men made themselves the government of the United States, and became ubiquitous and omnipresent throughout the land.

When Mr. Lincoln was elected, the slaveholders sought to ruin their country because they could not rule it. The men who framed the Constitution thought the wrong of the slave was excused by the necessity of the master, and all that was asked by the South was granted. Half a million slaves became two million, and the slavery which our fathers thought would die, lived to enthrone cotton king of the government Washington founded; lived to establish the Missouri Compromise, to repeal that Compromise, and finally to demand the best blood of the country. "I, remarked, thirty years ago," said the speaker, "in my last speech ere America spewed me out, your country will witness another revolution greater than the first. The first was for independence, the second will be for liberty; the first was for yourselves, the second will be for all mankind."

This war teaches the impossibility of founding a government on injustice. It proves that all constitutions, laws and institutions founded on such a basis must finally perish. Do right and God will see to the results. An immoral law, call it what you will, contains the seminal principles of revolution. This is illustrated in the fate of the nations who have gone before us. Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, where are they? Egypt and India are buried in heathen bondage; where Thebes reared her stately head there is now only the hut of the Arab.

"Where are now the Isles of Greece,
Where burning Sapho sang?"

The great and solemn lesson learned from the Pilgrims is, that righteousness alone can establish and perpetuate a nation.

The cause of the joy and expectation of the world when the United States started on her career, was the declaration that "all men are created free and equal." The chief glory of England is that 30 years ago she let the oppressed go free, and sent Wilberforce to heaven with the broken manacles of a million slaves in his hand. The voice of God says to us to-day, "loose the bonds of wickedness, let the oppressed go free," then thou shalt call and he will answer. Then, however dark the hour to-day, you shall ride upon the high places. This war has already accomplished something. The people of the United States are becoming emancipated from vanities. They are no longer bound to respect the rights of the slaveholding aristocracy. The great lesson of the war is the futility of attempting to found a democratic government on anything but absolute justice. Will you come out of the furnace refined and purified? If so the Union may be restored on an enduring basis. One of your best living poets (Lowell) has said—

"Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of Truth and Falsehood, for the good or evil side."

Mr. Thompson here remarked upon the unhealthy effect of slavery here upon liberty in Europe. The reactionists of England have ascribed it to the character of your government. Thirty years ago, some anti-slavery men thought the perpetuation of slavery necessary to preserve the balance of power among the States, and the progress of the Republican party since that time, was illustrated by comparing the Chicago and Baltimore platforms. Mr. Thompson then spoke of his joy in being here in this crisis, and remarked how often he had said of England, "I would altogther that she were such as you, save these bonds." He then enlarged upon the growth of American institutions and power, and expressed his surprise that after all we had done, we could pass the Fugitive Slave law, which for wickedness and audacity has had no parallel in the history of legislation. But now Americans are conquering themselves, which is the greatest thing they have done or can do. Some of the atrocities of the Slave Power were then cited, and the orator spoke glowingly of the new Union, with no more compromise with slavery, which is now within our grasp. He said the time for compromise was passed, and slavery must die and not live.

The speaker concluded by recounting with considerable fullness some of the things which the war has already accomplished. The legitimate authority of the government is reëstablished over a large portion of what was formerly rebel territory. The 1,222,000 square miles of territory which the rebels once claimed, is reduced to 522,000, and the free flag floats again in every State in the Union. Legislation, incited by the success of our arms, has also accomplished an immense work. All the great tract of territory at the Northwest, which the slaveholders hoped to get into their power, has been or will be admitted to the Union as free States; slavery has been abolished in the District of Columbia; slave traffic on the ocean is effectually abolished, and instead of the forty ships which used to leave New York annually to engage in the slave trade, there are now none; our government has recognized the black republics of Hayti and Liberia; a great deal has been accomplished in the emancipation of slaves, and the Emancipation proclamation will send the name of Abraham Lincoln down to future generations, as one of the few who have used human power for human good. Actual emancipation has been accomplished in West Virginia, Missouri and Maryland, and even in New Orleans, the Sodom of America, there has been a jubilee to celebrate the abolition of slavery. Congress has abolished all the Fugitive Slave laws, and the Senate has passed the Constitutional Amendment abolishing and prohibiting slavery forever. The speaker also mentioned the changed status of the negro at the North, the colored troops, the conceded rights of negroes to testify in the United States Courts, and the changed demeanor of the great religious bodies of the country toward colored men. And last was mentioned the magnificent charities of the people of the North, our Sanitary and Christian Commissions, and our Aid Societies; and the speaker stated that the sum total of all our contributions since the war commenced is the extraordinary sum of $212,000,000, an offering on the shrine of patriotism and benevolence without a parallel in the history of the world.

A few words of advice and appeal to the students of the college closed the address.

I see sects die without much mourning. The time for all to die is coming.—*Channing.*